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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

—OF—

URIAH HAGANS.



1906.



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OHIO.





AUTOBIOGRAPHY

— OF —

URIAH HAGANS.

1906.

A. D. PELTON & CO., PRINTERS,
416 Huron St., Toledo, O.

six weeks before I could come to the light; when I did, and for sometime afterwards, it seemed like the bright sunlight was a sheet of muddy rain; but, this all gradually cleared away, leaving my vision as bright and strong as evr; although the lids were left with what is called "granulated lids." This troubled me at times more than others for a year of more, when I was advised to go to an oculist and get cured. I went to a Dr. Barber, located at that time in Coshocton, O. He undertook my case and encouraged me with a cure in six weeks' treatment. He scarified and treated the lids. And from the first of his operation I was shut in a dark room, where I was compelled to stay for more than two years.

I was making my home, at this time, with a very kind old man and neighbor to my father. We called him Uncle Jimmy Copeland. His wife, the second in marriage, whose name was "Polly," was good and kind as a mother.

I had undertook to farm their place and live with them. I was there when I went to Dr. Barber at Coshocton, about eighteen miles distant. I went on horseback. And after receiving the operation, started home, trusting to the faithful black mare to take me home, for my eyes were tied up and I could not see my way.

After riding about half the distance home my horse turned in at a gate and followed the path to a farm house and stopped before the veranda, where some young ladies were seated, who laughed at the stranger before them. I forced my eyes open enough to get a glimpse of the situation, then turning, without a word, went back

down the path and out the road. I never knew whose place that was or who the young ladies were; though the location was three or four miles east of Warsaw, a town on the Walhonding river.

I ought to have made my condition known and when I turned to go they would, undoubtedly, have helped me to get started aright. As it was, my horse took the wrong road and it was after midnight before I reached home, this was the beginning of a long and severe confinement to my dark room.

I staid with Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Polly until the next spring. The kindness of both is and will be cherished in fond remembrance through life. I was moved from there to my father's house to receive the care and attention of a mother's kind and tender hands, which is so dear and ever faithful to a mother's love and care.

These beautiful words:

"I long to be with you, dear mother,
I have longed for your hand on my brow;
A soft, gentle touch, like no other,
Would comfort and console me now."

It seemed with all the help of a father and mother, kind friends and physicians, (eleven doctors and oculists), who tried, perhaps, all they knew to save my eyes, but to no avail. I heard, through a friend, afflicted in the same way or similar, who had been greatly benefitted, by an elderly lady in Cardington, Ohio, whose name was Brockway. I was taken to her as a last resort. J. S. Campbell went with me. This man Campbell had taken me to other doctors previous to this time, but never before did he realize my awful condition. Encouraged by the kind old lady's decision, that I

could be relieved of inflammation, pain and poor health, but no encouragement for sight. I received treatment from her and gradually improved until I had received sight in the left eye, though limited, yet enough to read and write and do close to hand work, but could not see to distinguish an object over a hundred yards away.

The right eye was totally blind and very much enlarged, gave me no serious trouble. In this condition I became satisfied and went to work.

In November, of '74, I was married to Henry E. Devault. In the spring of 1877 we moved to Henry Co., and, with what help she got from home and what little I had gotten together, started in business, a partner with G. W. Hagans, in the line of hardware and provision store. We failed in business not long afterwards, when I was left without anything and somewhat in debt. This discouraged me for a while but I took fresh courage and went to work again. This time alone in Notions and Restaurant, which I followed for several years, until another severe stroke fell upon me, sickness of my family, and later the death of my faithful wife, and mother of three children, one of which died at birth, leaving me alone at the death of my wife with two small children, the eldest 18 months old, the youngest 11 days old. Those were sorrowful hours to me, but remembering the promise that God will help to bear my sorrows and make them light for me if I will try to help myself, that He, also, will never leave me nor forsake me, I praise his name. Again I braced up and struggled with fate. This was in February, 1883. My

wife's sister took the baby to be one in her home, where he has been and will remain as long as it is a home; for he is as one of the family in affections. The other one I kept with me. But, alas! We noticed that he was not developing in mind as he should, and I was obliged later to place him in the Feeble Minded School at Columbus, Ohio, where he is now. These are days of sorrow and full of trouble, but in the end of time we will understand it all and know why this all had to be.

In the spring of '84 I was married again, to Rillie E. Weaver, of Henry Co. Her parents were pioneers in this county. She had one child, a daughter, nine years old, whose name is Maud Blanch. She is now past 17. In June, '87, a son was born to us, the pet of the household. We called him Freddy Clyde. He, to all appearance, was blessed with all his senses and well developed; but later, when about eight months old, we discovered that his sight was failing him.—This was sad to think of; we hoped for relief, but, alas! we found the worst had not yet come. He suffered from abscess which formed in his cheek, and from the advice of our physician, remedies were applied which changed its location from the cheek to the inside of the head, broke and discharged from his ears. This seemed to affect his vision, as some days he would notice things, while at other times he would not. This state of affairs lasted until he was past a year old, when we could no longer doubt his true condition.—Our darling boy was blind.—Was not this sad, and can the reader imagine the care and anxiety upon a mother and affected father? We were

all sorely affected from this sad fate. Some say he must have been born blind, but evidently this was not the case. As other babes do, he would grab at my watch or knife, or playfully jump at his image in the mirror. We felt sure he could see. He is now four years old, but blind. I will say more about him before closing this little book.

I will now go back to my own joys and sorrows. When married the second time, I tried to throw off all former trouble, and to be joyful again, but the joys were not of long duration. While battling with the disappointments of life to make an honest living with the limits I had; a realization of the fact that our little darling was blind was all not enough. More affliction were to come. December 7, '89, I met with a terrible accident which has led to my present condition—blind. It was in the evening, between dusk and dark, upon our return from town with my wife. I had unhitched my horse from the buggy and was leading him to water when I discovered that I was a little out of the direct course to the left. I made one step to the right when I came in contact with my horse's head, the blind of the bridle striking me in the right eye. I reeled back and would have fallen to the ground, but by a desperate effort and a firm hold on the horse I kept my feet. After I had recovered from the shock I felt something running down my face, and upon putting my hand up found that my eye was running out. The bump against the corner of the blind on the bridle had bursted the eyeball and its fluid had been let out. This the

reader will remember was the eye in which I was blind.

I suffered awfully for several days, but at last got the pain under subjection, and to all appearances was doing well enough. I was no doctor myself, but after being cured of granulated lids and from the effect of bad or improper treatment, I purchased the remedies to try to cure two of my brothers' eyes, Jacob, now dead, and Charles, now in the ministry at Newark, O., who were almost blind with granulated lids. After getting the remedies and proper instructions how to use them, they received treatment of me and were cured. From them the news went to others and the result was a rush to get cured, until my house was noted as a hospital for the almost blind and the good effects it made on them; in a short time they would go away cured. This was a part of my business that I was compelled to do, as they came and went, from time to time.

Had some other man had this remedy it would have been a fortune to him, but for me it did not pay, for I would turn none away that I felt confident could be helped, rich and poor were all served alike. Some were so poor that they could not pay anything, and others took advantage when cured and would not pay me. I was compelled to work at such other work as I could find to do to earn a livelihood.

If I had, today, what justly belongs to me from those who were cured by the treatment, but too dishonest to pay any just debts, I would not need to worry about getting any bread and butter for a while. Well, this treatment was what I used as the doctors who examined me said they could do

nothing. They were somewhat jealous of my success in curing sore eyes. I conceived the fact that they did not want me to recover, but rather see me drop out of existence.

I got along nicely for about two months after this accident and the left eye was quite strong, but just at this encouraging time in my trouble, I took la grippe, which settled in my best eye, in fact, I was affected all over and suffered intense pain. Then came long days and nights of suffering from which I could get no relief. I went down in flesh and spirits, no one to give me a word of encouragement. Friends and kindred seemed to vanish, and, as people come and went, expecting each time would be the last time they would see me alive. How I thought of the lesson taught in Job's afflictions, when he suffered sorely and everything destroyed and taken from him. I felt that I was familiarly afflicted, and I trusted in his God, who is, also, our God, for strength and patience to wait all the days of my appointed time until my change should come. I bore this up to October 7, 1890, when I was able to be moved to Columbus, O., where I was placed in the St. Francis Hospital, and under the treatment of Dr. C. F. Clark, Oculist, and the 29th of the same month underwent an operation, having what remained of the right eye taken away. This was done hoping to give some strength to the other eye; but it did not benefit the other eye as was expected.

It was soon known to all and myself as well, that I was a doomed man, and now I must make the best of it. What did I live for and while I lived what could I do, and how should I be

able to support myself, and what would become of my family who are dependent as well as myself? These were the thoughts that troubled my mind by day and night. I remained in Columbus until the latter part of January, '91, when I went to Coshoc-ton county, Ohio, the place of my boy-hood days, where I remained with friends until September. I was tenderly cared for by them all, and everything possible was done to make me comfortable.

I gained in health slowly, and when spring came with pleasant days could go out into the fresh air and sunlight, though the latter was to my vision as midnight, I met many old time friends and neighbors. With all their kindness to me I could not help feeling that I was in their way, and a disagreeable charge on them.

I prayed earnestly to God that a way might open up to me in which I could assist myself and be somewhat independent. God heard and answered my prayers. Some time in May, while I was at the home of an old friend, Josh Clark, he came on day and said he had thought of a way that would aid me, and if I would accept the invitation to sing and play on my violin at the closing exhibition of a literary society, a fee would be charged at the door and the proceeds should go to me. Josh is a jolly, good-hearted fellow. He and his family are so kind that one can not help feeling welcome with them. We had lived neighbors long ago, and always got along nicely. Of course I accepted the invitation. Arrangements were made with Josh J. K. Butler and M. Buxton, managers of the society, and others, that I should receive the booty. The night

came and with it a good house. This was the beginning of self support in my blind condition, for it gave me money that was needed—a help in time of need. This meeting was held at New Castle, O., followed by others in the place. My second entertainment was held at Mohawk Village, Sunday evening in the M. E. church, controlled by the leaders of the church, Hop McFadden, Mr. Wheeler and others. This entertainment was another grand success, and by the help of Miss Nellie Darling and choir, in delivering some beautiful vocal music, it was satisfactorily to all present.

My next entertainment was at Mt. Nebo, a well-known place of my boyhood days. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was a very good turn-out. The teacher of the school, Mr. Rollar, B. A. Hagans, T. Rogers, J. K. Butler and others took active part. The children, young men and young ladies made the evening's entertainment interesting by their well-delivered recitations.

Next I met the people of Wood's church, Knox Co., managed by Abe Lorn and others. It was largely attended, and a good sum was taken in at the door. The recitations delivered by the young people at this place, were grand.

Here I will state that, when a boy, had tried to learn to play on the violin, but not meeting with much success in learning, yet it afforded me some little amusement and pastime when I was first attacked with sore eyes though it surely annoyed those who had to listen. After I was blessed with a little sight in one eye, sufficient to see to do some things, the

violin was laid away; there was no more use for it with me, and as I thought it would never be of use to me, was sold. For about sixteen years I did not try to play, but when I came out of the hospital at Columbus, I had access to the same violin I had owned and had sold. It began to interest me some, and as my voice strengthened so I could sing, with practice I got so I could harmonize voice and violin together. This was a natural gift which soon became a source of comfort to me and somewhat entertaining to others. People would come in of evenings where I would be stopping to hear me play and sing. I did not think at that time that help in this way would come to me, but when invited to act in holding entertainments. I began to realize the fact that God was answering my prayers. And for the gift I give him all the glory. Finding help coming in this way, I continued to give vocal and instrumental entertainments. After I had held two or three entertainments, with an old violin that nobody else could play a tune on, I met a friend, H. W. Swigart, whom I had not met for seventeen years. He had with him a splendid instrument which he lent to me until we met again.

This gave me a good outfit. I afterwards paid Henry and family a visit at their home in Muskingum county; while there I purchased the violin, which is coveted by many who see it, for it is a daisy. After the entertainment at Wood's church an entertainment was held at Walhonding, with Jim Butler manager, to a fair house. The young people there were a great help. Next was at a school house at a place called Rabbit's Ridge.

At this place there was a fair gathering, but not so large. The rain and bad roads were against us, but we had a splendid time. I met Uncle Joe Staats, Geo. Wilson, Sol. Stricker and several old time acquaintances there.

My next gathering was at the new Union church. This surely was a great turn out for the large church would not near let all the people inside. The meeting was controlled by Abe Horn, Will Giffin and Sam Kemmerer, assisted by the young people, with Dal Tullis at the organ. It was spoken of by many as being grand. The people there are liberal and the sum taken in at the door was not small. I then took a visit with Samuel M. Hagans, a cousin, living in Uhricksville, O. Here I had a splendid visit and while there an entertainment was arranged for me in the M. E. church, and by the influence of the pastor in charge and a number of good brothers and sisters of the church, it was well represented. The choir gave some beautiful songs, well worth listening to. After visiting two weeks, I left for Muskingum Co., where I spent a week with Henry Sweigert and family, and an entertainment was arranged for at the school house, but it rained so hard the people could not get out. It was a failure.

I returned to Warsaw. By the way, I stopped at Dresden, with John Watson, who runs the hotel, and, I must say, has good accommodations.

On the 8th of August held an entertainment at Warsaw, controlled by Bro. Miller, in the M. E. church; a splendid good time to all, and was well attended. At this place I met a number with whom I had met years ago. Dr. Calhoun, our family doctor must

begin to look old, but his generous heart is the same and unchanged. With him it is always a joke and with it a helping hand. I visited with Will Reynolds, a school mate. I was made welcome at his home by all the family; many others I felt rejoiced to meet there; stopped with D. A. Hagans, a brother, near Warsaw, where I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Frew and Mr. Nic Kissner and family, where I spent some very pleasant hours.

I will now relate a pleasant event that took place while at Uricksville. On the 22nd of July, 1901, I was invited to go with a lot of young ladies and gentlemen to the country to enjoy a picnic, or a day of pleasure. The party numbered 12 in all. I will mention the names of the parties; perhaps some of the number may read this book and will remember the time. We went in one covered spring wagon. Our driver's name was John Julian; George Lullen, Edward Moris, William Hagans were the gentlemen; Misses Myrtle McVarnes, Mary Virtue, Lizzie Virtue, Maggie Bell, Arizona Scott and Lena Hagans were the young ladies. This was the gay party that left Uricksville on the day mentioned, with baskets filled with good things to eat; George with his guitar and I with the violin and harp supplied music for the happy party, sometimes joined by the parties in song. Many persons that we passed on the way would stare and wonder what might be in the wagon. We drove on and on until noon overtook up on the banks of a small stream fifteen miles away from home; the driver had taken us as far as the road was cut out and halted. It must have ben a

strange looking place to those who could see, but as for me I could only imagine a few scattered trees and tall weeds covering the ground. Herel the entire party deserted the wagon, in search of a spot large enough to spread out our dinner. I was left alone for a short time, well no, not alone exactly, I had an innumerable throng about me that threatened and attempted to take my life blood; the attack was made by mosquitoes. Oh, dear, what a spot was selected. Dinner was arranged by the ladies; some were dispatched for water, which was over a mile away, that was fit to drink. Butter-milk was procured, lemonade was made and served for dinner; the way we all did eat demonstrated the fact that he enjoyed the meal. After all was satisfied with the meal, enough was left for supper. The young people after dinner engaged in a game of ball which lasted until about three o'clock, when it was thought best to get nearer home for supper, so we started out in that direction. The driver halted on the banks of the Tuscarawas river. Here the table was spread again and supper served. Other parties had stopped at or near this place to spend the day in a similar way. This was a much more pleasant place than the first one mentioned. The sun was sinking low in the west before the parties moved out for home, satisfied with the pleasures of the day, and yet, would have enjoyed it if the day could have been made longer.

Any of the party who read this book will remember the blind man who was one of the party on that day.

I will now go back to my next meeting, which was my third meeting, at Mt. Nebo.

It was held in the church, managed by G. W. Hagans, who also lectured on temperance, to a full house. From here I went to Brush Run, in Knox county; a very full house, as full as could be seated. We were all favored by hearing a colored man lecture on courtship. Well, it took the cake.

Bladensburg was next visited; managed by Thompson Vanvorhees, minister in the Disciple church. Our entertainment here was a grand success. I was assisted by a lady, who drilled several of the young people on recitations which was well delivered and very interesting to all. I was invited to sing at a Prohibition meeting to be held at Union Grove, in the grove. Here we listened to an excellent sermon in the forenoon and a grand spech in the afternoon, both delivered by Rev. Thompson, of Springfield, Ohio, also editor of a paper at that place. I was called on to sing before and after his address. My first song, "Betty and the Baby," was loudly applauded, it being so appropriate on this occasion. The Glee Club, from Danville, made the woods ring with their beautiful songs for temperance and right. An entertainment was here arranged for by Abe Horn, afterwards managed by Eli Briggs. We met at the church. All seemed to enjoy the evening's entertainment. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, which prevnted many from attending had a good audience and help was well rendered by the people. The receipts at the door was good. Some good people added to their fee a gift to support a coust or object of right.

The next entertainment was at Honey Run School house, a location in which were many of my acquaintances

and friends. This entertainment was arranged by Lewy Fry, a well-known, jolly good fellow; and it was well attended. All seemed to be satisfied.

Mr. Fry also made arrangements for an entertainment at Tiverton Center, a small trading point, six or eight miles from any railroad. At this place the Cornet Band helped to furnish the music for the occasion. A full house listened in good order and a good time was reported.

At Mohawk, where I held my second entertainment, was held my next and last entertainment in Coshooton county. This was held in a hall to a good house.

The next day I started for Columbus, Ohio, with my little boy, Milo R., where he entered school in the feeble-minded youth school, as he was not developing as he should. After he was establish in school, I called on the superintendent of the Blind Institute, to meet the Board of Trustees, hoping to gain admittance for instructions in reading and music. After making known my business, I was informed that the laws would not admit me, except to learn the broom making trade; consequently I was shut out. After going through the different departments with my two aunts, Mattie and Maggie, we took our departure. After visiting friends in the city, I started for my home in Henry Co., Ohio, by the way of Toledo, and on the 10th day of September landed safely at home that I left about a year before, but as the doctors could do nothing for me, I was blind but in fair health. This I prized more than ever before, and my God shall receive all the glory. After I had been at home a short time, an entertain-

ment was arranged for in my own town where liberality, with the help of the M. E. choir and about fifteen of the young people, with recitations, made the event one little above the average.

The proceeds showed that a good crowd was present. This was the first time that my little blind boy assisted me and his singing was loudly applauded. He afterwards traveled with me, visiting different places, and his help added greatly to the work.

We went to McClure, a little town about eight miles away, where we were received into the M. E. church and, with help of the choir, it was an interesting song service. Here Clyde brought many to tears by his songs and his manner of deliverance. George Emery and wife, with others, whose names I do not remember, used their influence and help in my favor in McClure.

Texas, a small town located on the banks of the Maumee river, was our next point. The interest here was well worked up by Wm. Emel, principal of the school, with Miss Annie Egar at the organ and a number of volunteers with recitations, made a grand display to a fair sized audience.

Britton, pastor of the Disciple church,

Neapolis was the next point. Mr. and Mr. Billings and Mr. Roach, merchant, used their influence in arranging for me at this place, which was well represented. Here was the first place that I offered our pictures for sale, my little boy and myself, taken together.

Whitehouse, a town located west of Toledo, on the Wabash railroad, was the next point. We met in the M. E. church with Mr. Pray, Rakestraw and

many of the best citizens of the town. Clyde and I gave the entertainment alone which seemed to give satisfaction; so much so that a cordial invitation was given us to visit them again.

Our next entertainment was at the Christian Union church, five miles northwest of Liberty, at Hebron. Mr. Herb Whiteman took the responsibility to arrange it at this place, which was well done, but as it had rained, and was a very bad night for people to turn out, the crowd was not what we had expected, although a fair crowd was present, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The young people delivered some good recitations; all seemed happy and pleased.

Colton, a small town three miles east of Liberty, on the Wabash, was then visited. H. Thompson arranged and was our pilot to and from this place. We had a fair audience in the M. E. church.

Napoleon, county seat of Henry county, was our next place. With the efforts and influence of G. W. Gardner, son and daughter, Dela, in spite of rain and opposition by minstrel troupes, the city hall was well filled. With no outside help, my little boy Clyde and I gave the entertainment, which gave general satisfaction. Mr. Gardner, who has a heart as big as a stove, and not by any means cold, would not allow any expense for the hall or hotel bill to come off of me, which is lastingly appreciated.

Hoytsville, a town on the B. & O. R. R., in Wood county, was our next stopping place. Elder Johnston, of the Christian Union church, worked up the interest for me, and Mr. C.

Cook, Mrs. Burgoon, Mrs. Ogal and others were of great help to me, though the amount taken in was not very great, as the audience was not large, but all enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

Weston, a town on the Dayton & Michigan R. R., was the next place appointed. This was a united effort from churches and the G. A. R. Rev. Miller, of the M. E. church, took an active part to make the occasion one of interest. John Dull, merchant, and in behalf of the G. A. R., done a good thing for me to arrange matters, and the hall was furnished by him free; and with Miss Jennie Anblebeck at the finger board and Weston's best citizens as an audience, a very good time was reported. We visited John Geyer's home, where we had a very pleasant time. John and Elizabeth Steinshower will remember our call on them also.

Our next place was Hamler, on the B. & O. R. R. Here the people were somewhat disappointed in me, for they expected a theatrical entertainment was to be given. Mr. Hamler, the man the town was named after, is a whole-souled fellow and extended many courtesies to me and my little boy. Clyde. We met in the hall on Saturday night and on Sunday night in the Union church. The people were very kind and generous, and I feel that I have a number of warm friends at Hamler who will not be dropped soon in my memory.

Why I have mentioned these places where I have held my entertainments to January '92, is to give the reader an idea of how the tide seemed to go with me and the persons mentioned will bear me out in my statements, except

that much more could be said but for the want of space in my book I shorten it as much as possible; but my heart swells with gratitude to all who have contributed their time and means to encourage me. I hope I will meet others through this dark and lonely life who will do as well in the future. How true is the saying: "Where there is a will there is a way." I have suffered greatly, but will not give up in despair. There is still some enjoyment for me secreted all to God and give him all the glory and honor, I have a hope within me that I will yet see God's glory and appear before him blameless at his coming. There is nothing so good as God's love to us, though we slight Him and violate His sacred law of truth, and we often bring upon ourselves suffering. He calls us to obey and be made whole. I have found God very precious to me, and have exchanged sadness for joy by submitting to his will.

When about the age of 17 I joined the Christian church and although I have digressed some at times. I always tried to walk in what light I had of God's laws and will, except when I was urged to preach his gospel, I made and framed excuses, then, for which I have been sorry, and had I my life to live over and understood what I now do of my duty to God I would do differently, but this time is gone and I am a poor, helpless, dependent blind man, living on God's favors of love and mercy. When in affliction of its saddest nature and earthly help was a failure. Jesus whispered: "Fear not, I am with you. It is I, your friend."

The following are some of my best

songs in which I have taken great comfort:

He Will Hide Me.

While the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.

CHORUS.

He will hide me, he will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me,
He will hide me, safely hide me
In the shadow of his hand.

Though he may send some afflictions,
'Twill but make me long for home;
For in love, and not in anger,
All his chastenings will come. Cho.

Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his hosts employ;
He will turn what seems to harm me,
Into everlasting joy. Cho.

So while here my cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
Naught can harm his father's child. Cho.

I Love Thee.

Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art
mine,
For thee all the folly of sin I rescind.
Gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love thee because thou hast first
loved me,
And purchased my freedom on Calvary's
tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on
thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I will love thee in life, I will love
thee in death,
And I praise thee as long as thou let-
teth me breathe;
And then, when the death dew lies cold
on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless
light,
I will ever adore thee in heavens
bright,
And sing with the glittering crown on
my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Keep Sweet.

While waging the battle of truth and
for right,
Let this be your motto: Keep sweet.
Be earnest and active and strong in the
fight,
And do not forget to keep sweet.
The foes that we're fighting will threat-
en and rave,
They will call you a fool or a crank or
a knave,
But do not get ruffled, be hopeful and
brave,
Remember, with all to keep sweet.

CHORUS.

Though crosses me meet,
We'll try to keep sweet.
While wielding the sword, just trust in
the Lord,
And do not forget to keep sweet.

The clouds may hang heavy and darken
the skies,
No matter, my brother, keep sweet,
The sun will break through, in the
sweet bye and bye,
And cheerly help thee keep sweet.
Thy fears may be many, thy foes may
be strong;
Around thee may gather the legions of
wrong,
But right will yet triumph, ring out a
glad song,
Be true and be joyful—keep sweet.

Cho.

Does burden press sorely, just ask Him
for grace,
He'll give it and help thee keep sweet,
Let sunshine and gladness illumine thy
face,
'Twill help some one else to keep sweet,
Does sorrow oppress thee, let God be
thy stay;
'Tis easy to sigh, but 'tis better to pray;
Thy sunshine will come in his own
pleasant way,
So trustingly try to keep sweet. Cho.

My Mother Told Me So.

This is a little maxim that was told to
me by mother, dear,
While in childhood I was seated on
her knee:
She told me that a rolling stone would
gather little moss,
Many lessons of advice she gave to
me.

She told me that the Father watched
o'er me from above;
She bade me pray to Him with head
bowed low.
She said, if I'd take her advice, some
day I'd be with Him,
I believe it, for my mother told me so.

She told me that in manhood tempta-
tions I would meet,
And very few true friends in life I'd
chance to know;
She also said this world is full of false-
hood and deceit,
I believe it, for my mother told me so.

She told me never to turn my back up-
on persons in distress,
But to give whate'er I could to help
the poor,
You will never know what poverty is,
my lad, until you know
The wolf of hunger is knocking at
your door.

Then, try to love your neighbor as you
will try to love yourself,
And your deeds will make you know
wherever you go,
A man would need no monument when
he is gone,
I believe it, for my mother told me so.

Down On The Farm.

When a boy I used to dwell in a home
I loved so well,
Far away among the clover and the
bees,
Where the morning glory vine round
our cabin porch did twine,
And the robin red breast sang among
the trees;
I had brothers young and gay, and a
father old and gray,
And a mother, dear, to shield us from
all harm;
There I passed life's golden hours run-
ning wild among the flowers.

CHORUS.

Many weary years have passed since I
saw the old home last,
And memory still steals o'er me like a
charm;
Every old familiar place, every kind
and loving face,
Seem today as when a boy down on
the farm.

Today, as I draw near that old home, I
loved so dear,
A stranger comes to meet me at the
door;
Round the place there's many a change
the faces all seem strange;
Not a loved one comes to greet me as
of yore,
My mother, dear, is laid 'neath the elm
tree's quiet shade,
Where the golden summer's golden
sun shines bright and warm;
And near the old fireplace, there's a
stranger's face, I see,
In my father's old arm chair, down
on the farm.—Cho.

Prohibition Temperance Songs.

Hark, ye voters, hear the bugle
Calling to the fray,
Prohibition is the watchword,
Right shall win the day.

CHORUS.

Storm the fort for prohibition,
Captive signal still,
Answer back to the pollutions
By our votes we will.

See the haughty rum-shop's banner
On the fortress walls;
Hurl the temperance ballots 'gainst it
Till the rum forts fall.—Chorus.

Face the grog-hop's bold defiance,
Never fear or quail,
Cowards! Fees will soon surrender,
Voters, do not fail.—Chorus.

Betty and the Baby.

Oh, the drink has made me a wretched
man of me;
And from its cursed powers I can't get
free;
And while I know I never can,
Yet I'd like to be a man,
For Betty and the baby, don't you see?

CHORUS.

For Betty and the baby, don't you see?
Are the only ones on earth that care
for me,
And, although it is my last, a temper-
ance vote I'll cast,
For Betty and the baby, don't you see?
From the demons of the cup, I've tried
to flee;
But, alas! The awful thirst won't let
me be,
Of my reasons I'm bereft, and no good
is in me left
For Betty and the baby, don't you see?
—Chorus.

I'm a drunkard, lost and ruined, don't
you see?
But, to do a righteous thing, I now
agree,
On the verge of ruin's brink,
I'll vote against the drink,
For Betty and the baby, don't you see?
—Chorus.

And so he answered them, to Betty's
plea;
But, alas! it was too late to set him
free,
For his spirits left the clay,
So he lost his vote that day,
For Betty and the baby, don't you see?
—Chorus.

The Poor Married Man.

You may tell of the joys, and the sweet
honey-moon,
I agree they are nice while they last;
But in most every case, it is over too
soon,
And counted as things of the past.
The troubles and trials are sure to
begin,
Though you may do all that you can,
You will wish you were out of the clat-
ter and dim,
That follow a poor married man.

CHORUS.

Oh, the troubles and muss,
The rackets and the fuss—
His face, it grows haggard and wan;
You can tell by his clothes,
Wherever he goes,
That he is a poor married man.

He works all the day and tries to be gay,

Forgetting his worry and care.

He whistles it down, as he goes through the town,

Though his heart may be full of despair.

His very last cent is paid out for rent,

While at home there is Mollie and Dan,

Both crying for shoes—it gives him the blues

To think he is a poor married man.

—Chorus.

Whenever he goes to his bed with his poor fevered head,

He lays on the edge of a rail,

And the colic and the cramp make him bounce with a whoop,

Like a dog with a can to his tail.

He must rock, he must walk,

He must run for the water and fan;

He must bounce, he must leap,

He must do without sleep,

Because he is a poor married man.

—Chorus.

From his mother-in-law he gets nothing but jam,

Though he may do all that he can;

To keep her in trim she will light into him,

And all of his wishes disperse.

He's a fool, he's a brute, and he never can suit,

Though he does just the best that he can;

He had better be dead, and then it would be said:

"He's at rest, the poor married man.

—Chorus.

The Lily of the Valley.

I have found a friend in Jesus. He is everything to me;

He is the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He is the Lily of the Valley, in him alone I see,

All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

In sorrow, he's my comfort; in trouble he's my stay.

He tells me, every care on him to roll.

He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne,

In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r.

I have all for him forsaken, and all the idols torn

From my heart, and now he keeps by his power.

Though all the world forsakes me, and Satan tempt me sore,

Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;

He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,

While I live by faith and do his blessed will.

A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,

With his manna he my hungry soul shall fill.

While sweeping up to glory to see his blessed face,

Where the rivers of delight shall ever roll.

He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Swinging in the Lane.

How oft we talk of childhood's joys, of tricks we used to play

Upon each other while at school, to pass the time away.

And oh, how often I have longed for those bright days again,

When Rosa Nell and I went swinging in the lane.

CHORUS.

And yet I'd give this world to be

With Rosa Nell again,

For I never, never shall forget

Our swinging in the lane.

The girls and boys would oftentimes go a-fishing in the brook,

and bended pins for hooks;

They often wished for me with them, they always wished in vain,

For I'd rather be with Rosa Nell, a-swinging in the lane.—Chorus.

But then, clouds of sorrow came; a
strange young man from town,
Was introduced to Rosa Nell, by aunt
Jamima Brown;
She staid away from school, next day,
the truth to me was plain;
She had went off with that other chap
a-swinging in the lane.—Chorus.

Come all young men with tender hearts,
pray take advice of me;
Don't be so quick to fall in love with
every girl you see,
For if you do you soon will find you
have only loved in vain,
For she'll go off with some other chap,
a-swinging in the lane.—Chorus.

The Cows Are in the Clover.

I love to wander by the shore that
winds among the trees.
And see the birds flit to and fro among
the autumn leaves.
'Tis my delight, from morn till night,
to wander on the shore,
But when I do, my mother's voice comes
from the kitchen door.

CHORUS.

Maggie, Maggie, the cows are in the
clover, and they have trampled it
since morn.
Go and drive them, Maggie, to the old
red barn,
The cows are in the clover, and tram-
pled it since morn.
Go and drive them, Maggine, to the old
red barn.

I'm not allowed to have a beau, except
upon the sly;
But, yesterday, my love he came and
took me walking through the rye.
We strolled along so lovingly, it seem-
ed just like a dream,
When suddenly, from out the kitchen
door, came that familiar scream.
—Chorus.

My love he took me to the fair to sail
in a balloon.
He said: We'd take a little trip and sail
around the moon.

We wandered over toward the farm; it
was a mile or more,
When suddenly, my mother's voice
came from the kitchen door.
—Chorus.

Bid Adieu to Cold Winter.

Oh, 'tis many a pleasant evening, to-
gether, we have spent;
'Tis many a pleasant greeting, but we'-
re none the better of that;
You thought this world too lively here;
too lively, Love for me;
But, I will get another girl if you go
back on me.

CHORUS.

Bid adieu to cold winter, away with
white frosts;
I'll sing and be merry, though my old
girl be lost.
I'll sing and be merry as the nightin-
gale in May.
Rest while you're weary, for she's gone
far away.

Oh, she's gone! Let her go, she can sink
or she can swim;
A girl that has deceived me once, I will
never trust again;
There is plenty more without her, far
better ones than she,
And I will get another girl, if you go
back on me.—Chorus.

Some say she loves another, and me she
will deceive.
But, alas, she is mistaken, if she thinks
that I will grieve,
For the girls, they are too plenty, yes,
too plenty here for me;
And I get another girl, if she goes back
on me.—Chorus.

Her love is in her pocket, a little in her
heart,
To her beau, she gives a little love, and
to each one a part;
Her love is sweet and charming as the
dew upon the lawn;
Puts it on, on Sunday eve, and takes it
off on Monday morn.—Chorus.

Second Edition.

APRIL 13th, 1897.

To the readers of my little book:

You will here notice that a period of over five years has passed since my book was first completed Jan. '92, and along this pace of time, I wish to call your attention. You will remember that my knowledge in music was very limited; but with its constant use in my entertainments it won for me notoriety in many places.

In the spring of '92, after a severe attack of la grippe, I made it more of a business than ever before and went out making arrangements and leaving dates, until a number of places would be billed, then go home and bring out Clyde, the attraction of my work.

Many kind people with hands extended and hearts full of charity and benevolence made us welcome, but this is not all; there is always a dividing line and where we came up to it we found the two elements. The manner in which I was rejected by some, destroyed the happiness of many kind deeds done by others. I learned however that amid the conflicts of life is a good motto "to paddle your own canoe." Some would say: That man is rich and does not need this help that the people are placing upon him. He is making more money than a good paying farm, then, he is not worthy of it for he is a drinking man and neglects his family. Others would say, he is not blind, as he represents.

Then others, that my little son Clyde was not blind; that it was just a scheme of mine to make money. This has all been said by those who would not give a cent, but would take in a free concert with lots of grace; as our music would draw large crowds about us on the streets of the city, and at the fair, then to have such reports fly, it would chill the air and make one think "what a cold world this is." Some never took into consideration the exposures, risks and expenses; it was all gain in their eye. I had to hire our transportation and guide; and have worked two weeks hard and then be eight dollars "out of pocket." This was due to bad weather and almost impassable roads, this was very discouraging to me and at times was attempted to give up the struggle for support.

The past five years has been a school to me and a school of experience. I am only a school boy in the great helps for the blind. I had a strong desire to know more about music; and after making applications at the Institution for the Blind at Columbus, O., was rejected; the law providing for a trade only, for one at my age. I soon afterward met and formed the acquaintance of J. E. Walker who had moved into our little town of Liberty Center, during my absence and had set up a store of gen-

eral merchandise. This man was also blind. Both himself and wife were educated in the Institute at Columbus, Ohio. His wife, Jennie, was blessed with sight enough to see her way. One eye being removed when a little girl; the other very much limited in sight. We became friends at once. This new acquaintance proved to be a help to me. I undertook to learn music. Finding it would require a stronger memory I gave it up and took up joint print system of reading and writing. This at first seemed an impossibility to me, more so because I had been told that I was too old to learn it. But my friend Walker gave me credit for more than I deserved. And I found it was not "too late to learn." However, it began to break in upon my mind, and I began to unravel the mysteries, and in three months' time I was able to read and write the N. Y. point print; the greatest help for the blind that ever sprang from human intellect, for reading and writing. Then I was able to take my lessons in music. I wrote them down. This I could refer to at home. My need of books became stronger, and my wants were made known to the Institution and supplies came with the help and supervision of Eddie and Jenn—as we call Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walker—I got a supply of books from the printing house at Louisville, Ky.

Miss Susie Umbenour, of Fayette, also blind, placed a gift in my behalf which hold a place sacred to her memory on the pages of my new testament in point print. She has passed away; but her kind deeds and works will live in the hearts of those who knew her for ages to come. She was an intimate friend of Eddie and Jenn, and

would come to their home and stay weeks and months at a time. It was there I met her first, but she will never come again.

I will never forget the joy I felt when I opened my Bible, in point print, and read with my fingers these words: "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, it shall be given unto you." Tears of joy fell on my cheeks over the lofty conception of being able to read again the book of all books. Another dear friend, of whom I wish to speak, is Archie Moore, of Gallia county, Ohio, who I met while in the hospital at Columbus. He died some months ago, and having a great many books, being of use only to the blind, made it his dying request that they should be sent to me. They were shipped to my home about March 15th. This adds to my library a great variety of books. Archie's memory of kindness shines upon the pages of every one of them and is well cherished in my heart.

Well said: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

When these words we should hold dear: "Where there is a will there is a way." As I have said, Clyde was the attraction of my entertainments. He took up the guitar and chorded to my songs and music, chiming his voice with me in many songs, and many he used alone. Also delivering recitations and boy lectures, which would often bring a house to tears or laughter. For the first three years of our travel we had a guide or an attendant out with us, but the last year we were together and occasionally before, we traveled alone. Made several trips to Columbus and back, being absent on one of those trips over two

months. We also made a trip to Indianapolis, alone, visiting at Shelbyville, the home of my uncle, G. W. Hagans. This uncle arranged over his work for us and conveyed us to and from different points. In spite of the rainy weather it was a very pleasant and profitable trip. Three weeks found us again in our home in Liberty Center. Oh, how I would like to mention the names of hundreds of friends who we hold in sacred memory for their loving deeds and kindness shown to us while traveling over the country here and there; but my little book will not give me space to do so.

Well, there came another trying ordeal. After counseling a number of specialists concerning Clyde's eyes, hoping to get some encouragement by an operation and treatment to restore him to his sight. But, alas! How sad; none could be given.

It was then advised by Dr. C. F. Clark, of Columbus, to place him in the Institution for the Blind, to receive an education, and this was done. On the 13th day of February, 1896, he entered the State School for the Blind at Columbus, Ohio. I went with him to get him well established in school. The trying time had come. For his mamma and I had to give him up, and have our boy brought up under the supervision of strangers it was almost more than we could stand. God alone knew our heartaches, and none but a mother who has gone through the same trial, could sympathize with this mother. What could I do in my efforts to the public without him, we being so attached to each other. Do you dear reader, imagine it was very easy for us to find smiles and words of

comfort and encouragement for our son who was pleading as a doomed man on the gallows for more time? I must say it was one of the many heart breaking trials of our lives.

When we found that all his pleadings were met with a stiff denial, he submitted to his lot, with a broken heart and tears gushing from his eyes he left home and mother that stormy February morning. The sadness of that morning cannot be expressed.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the institution. Here we met kind old Supt. Dr. S. S. Burrows and his wife—two noble people. After a short interview with the doctor we found the home very much crowded. We then arranged with an uncle to go out in the city and remain with him over night to give them a chance in the Home to make room for us. Before going I was questioned by the doctor as to what I had followed for a support. I explained our manner of work, and seeing our instruments with us we were requested to favor him and a few friends with a song. This we did and no longer were we held as strangers in the hearts of those present, and it brought us before the entire school in an entertainment. I remained in the city several weeks and was with him every few days until he became contented enough to let me go. I felt sure he was among friends; the kind superintendent and wife were as a father and mother to him, and always welcomed me as one of the family into the well provided Home of the blind. Clyde is still there. This being his second term. He has become interested and is learning fast. He reads well

in both line and point print; he stands among the first in all his classes. He has learned to make bead work. Those who know him and have sen him before he went into school will remember him as a very fleshy child, but he looses in weight at school. His weight when entering the school the first time, at the age of eight years and seven months, was 133½ pounds. When he came home at the end of four months, his weight was 106 pounds, but he makes up for his loss at school while at home during vacation.

I had scarcely taken thought of what I should do when Clyde was once at school. This was my only aim. To know that he was provided for. When he gave his consent for me to go, I was somewhat bewildered to know where I should go and what I could do.

Let me again use the word of so much true meaning to the close observer, and they have made their imprint upon my mind at this juncture: "Where there is a will there is a way." I started trusting in the hand of Him who holds the reins of heaven and earth. I took up canvassing and selling goods. At this I done fairly well but it was heavy work for me, so I used it as a secondary matter and opened up a field to give lectures, sing and play and hold my entertainments alone. Alone; and yet not alone, for God was with me. And if God is for us he is worth more than all who can be against us. What a task my first effort was without Clyde. But my courage strengthened, my help came. Interest aroused by sympathy in those who witnessed my exhibition, my confidence in myself was again restored.

Often I met those who played the violin and no doubt in a more graceful manner than I, but loosing self confidence and conceit, I was applauded as the winner. I prayed to be kept humble and not get vain with conceit. The Lord is keeping me on that line.

Five years has in it many incidents and changes. I shall mention one or two here to illustrate my meaning. On the 22nd day of Aug. '94, a reunion of my father's brothers and sisters was held in a grove in Coshocton Co., near the western line at the foot of a hill known as Mt. Nebo. The survivors of that family were present—their being eleven brothers and sisters who ate dinner together for the first time in forty years. The relatives were about all present, there being over three hundred and an estimate of two thousand people present. Dinner was served to all. A program of songs, speeches and prayers filled the landscape and the hearts of many with joy.

Four minsters occupied the stand. Rev. H. J. Duckworth, G. W. Hagans, a brother of the reunited family and also instigator and manager of the grand gathering, Rev. B. R. and C. M. Hagans, brothers and the writer, make the four. Was I there? Yes! with some of my soul cheering songs that lifts us in spirit to the heaven of rest.

One year later on the same day of the month, my dear old mother was laid to rest. Father and mother lived near the grove where a year before hearts were made glad by seeing each othr again, though mother being an invalid and a constant sufferer for some two years previous, was not with them, but sat at home patiently bear-

ing her burdens. She has joined that throng in reunion around the eternal throne of God and we are awaiting for the time when the general roll is called. I have visited the old place of my boyhood; but home and mother are gone. Well do I remember the last time I was with her; as I was passing out of the door, she laid her hand upon my shoulder and invoked God's blessing upon me, and said: "God be with you till we meet again."

Milo R., my eldest son, is yet a pupil of the Feeble Minded School at Columbus. He improves but slowly. What a grand blessing it is to have these institutions. How many are comforted by them. It is like home to me to go to the institution for the blind, although my old friend, S. S. Burrows, no longer superintends. His place is filled by Rev. Wallace, of Lima, O., who make us feel at home in his presence. I call on my boys two or three times a year as I pass in and out of the city and it pleases them to have me come. I have a fair conception of how things appear in the school, but will not take the time and space here to tell it. Dear reader, go at your first opportunity and see those great homes for yourselves. Ask for my boys, they will be pleased to meet you. I have only sketched over these five years, but it will give you a clue as to what I am doing and that I still sing some of those good old songs that I gave in my first addition. I am now going to give you some later ones I have gathered in this period of time, of which there are a variety—sacred, temperance, popular and humorous, all in the bounds of good morals. I now trust that my little book with its contents will be met with

favor and a welcome, giving courage to the afflicted, joy and gladness to all who read it and sing the songs found therein.

Respectfully,
URIAH HAGANS,
The Blind Man.

Help Just a Little.

Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to save the millions dying,
Help just a little.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wrongs that we may righten,
Oh, the hearts that we may lighten,
Oh, the skies that we may brighten,
Helping just a little.

Is thy heart made sad by trials?
Help a little, help a little;
Sweeten it with self-denial,
Help just a little.—Chorus.

Let us live for one another;
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother;
Help just a little.—Chorus.

Take My Hand and Lead Me Father.

Take my hand and lead me, Father,
Thorough life's stormy pilgrimage.
Let thy light shine brighter, Father,
O'er its dark mysterious page.
For I find my feet oft straying
From the path of truth and right.
Feel the need of thy protection,
And thy light to shine more bright.

CHORUS.

Take my hand, take my hand,
For I cannot see the way.
Take my hand, take my hand,
I cannot see the way.
Guide me, guide me, there to live
through endless day;
Guide me, guide me, there to live
through endless day.

For the road is rough and stony;
And I cannot see my way.
But if thou wilt deem to guide me,
By thine own resplendent ray,
I shall never, never stumble;
But shall walk close by thy side,
With a love so pure and trusting,
That no sin can e're divide.—Chorus.

Take my hand in time, O Father,
Till I reach the pearly gates.
There I'll leave my cross and burdens,
For my star jemmied crown awaits.
Then I'll sing in songs of rapture,
In the light of perfect day
Thou did'st deem to guide me, Father,
And hath led me all the way.

The Pearly Gate.

I have given up all for Jesus,
This vile world is ought to me,
All its pleasures are forgotten,
In remembering calvary;
Though my friends despise, forsake me
and the world on me looks cold;
I've a friend that will stand by me
When the pearly gates unfold.

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soo nbe waning,
And the evening bells be tolled,
But my heart shall know no sadness
When the pearly gates unfold.

When the voice of Jesus calls me,
And the angels whisper low,
I will lean upon my Savior,
Through the valley as I go
I will lend His precious promise,
Worth to me this world in gold.
Fear no evil I am with you,
When the pearly gates unfold.—Chorus.

Just beyond the waves of Jordan,
Just beyond its rolling tide;
Blooms the tree of life immortal,
And the living waters glide;
In that bright and happy city,
With its streets all paved with gold,
Where the angels are awaiting
When the pearly gates unfold.—Chorus.

Haste ye on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand will lead you there;
Soon will close thy earthly mission,
Soon the evening bells be tolled,
Hope shall change to glad Fruition,
When the pearly gates unfold.—Chorus.

The Open Gate.

I have heard them sing again and
again,
Of a gate that stands afar.

Of a sunny chime and a golden plain,
And a sinless land afar;
But when I pass the chilly tide
To enter my home, above,
I believe the gate will open wide,
On its golden hinge of love.

CHORUS.

'Twill open wide, yes, open wide,
I'll pass through its portals free,
And rest in peace on the other side,
It will open wide for me.

With songs of joy will the angels wait
The holy angels bright;
To welcome us home at the open gate,
Of a city crowned with light.
We may not know of the joys untold,
The bliss of the other side;
But when I come to the gates of gold,
I believe it will open wide.—Chorus.

The sinner's friend as he reaches down,
With a Savior's wondrous love,
Who prepares a mansion, harp and
crown,
In his shining courts above,
Will gather his flock into the fold.
The fold beyond the tide,
As they near the gates, the gates of
gold,
I believe it will open wide.—Chorus.

Trust and Obey.

When we walk with our Lord,
By the light of His word,
What a blessing He spreads o'er our
way.
When we do His good will, He abides
with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

CHORUS.

Trust and obey, for there's no other
way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and
obey.
Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in
the skies,
But his smile doth quickly drive them
away.
Not a doubt nor a fear, not a sight nor
a tear
Can abide while we trust and obey.

Not a sorrow we share, not a burden
we bear,
But is blest if we trust and obey.
But our toils he doth richly repay.
Not a grief nor a loss, not a crown nor
a cross.

The Drunkard's Dream.

Oh, Dermont you look healthy now,
You dress so neat and clean.
I never see you drunk about,
Come tell me where you've been.
Your wife and children now are well
You once did treat them strange,
I never see you drunk about—
How came this happy change?

It was a dream's warning voice
That heaven sent to me;
To keep me from a drunkard's curse,
Crime, want and misery.
My wages were all spent in drink
Oh, what a wretched view!
I almost broke my poor wife's heart,
And starved my children too.

My poor wife's form did waste away,
I saw her sunken eyes;
My babes on straw in sickness lay,
I heard their waiting cries.
With drunkard's glee I laughed and
drank
While Mary's tears did stream;
And like a beast I fell asleep,
And had this warning dream.

I dreamed one night I staggered home
There seemed a solemn gloom;
I missed my wife, where could she be
And strangers in the room.
I heard them say, poor Mary's dead,
She led a wretched life;
Both grief and want has broke her
heart—
To be a drunkard's wife.

I saw my children standing around,
I scarcely drew my breath,
They kissed and pressed her lifeless
form
Forever cold in death.
Oh, father, come and wake her up!
These people say she's dead,
Oh, make her speak to us again!
We'll never cry for bread.

She is not dead I frantic cried
and rushed to where she lay,
and madly kissed her once warm lips

Now ever cold as clay.
Oh! Mary, speak a word to me!
I'll never give you pain.
I'll never grieve your loving heart
Or never drink again.

Oh, Mary, speak! 'tis Dermont's call!
Why so? I do she cried;
And when I woke, my Mary dear,
Was kneeling by my side.
I pressed her to my throbbing heart;
While joyous tears did stream,
And ever since I've heaven blessed,
For sending me that dream.

A Little Talk With Jesus Makes It Right.

While working for the savior here,
The devil tries me hard,
He uses all his mighty power, my pro-
gress to retard;
He's up to every move, and yet I al-
ways prove
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.

CHORUS.

A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
alright,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
alright,
Through trials of every kind, praise
God I always find,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.

The blood of Jesus cleanse white as
snow, yes, I know,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow, yes, I know.
O blessed happy day that washed my
sins away,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.
—Chorus.

O the way the clouds look dark and
stormy overhead;
And trials of almost every kind, across
my path is laid,
How soon I conquer all, when to my
lord I call,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.
—Chorus.

When those who once my dearest
friends begin to persecute,
And those who once professed his name,
Has silent grown and mute,

I tell him all my griefs he will quickly
send relief,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.
—Chorus.

Thus by frequent little talks I gain the
victory,
And pray and sing a cheerful song,
with joy and liberty,
With Jesus as my friend I will prove
him to the end,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right.
—Chorus.

The Prodigal.

Oh, the old folks would be happy,
If they knew I'd signed the pledge,
For my feet have long been treading
On the brink of ruin's edge.

CHORUS.

But, today I have stopped drinking,
No more shame upon my brow,
Oh, the old folks would be happy
Could they see their boy just now.

Often they have pleaded with me
For me to my good name save,
It was their kind words that kept me
From a drunkard's grave.

They are growing old and feeble;
Swiftly passing down life's hill;
I must live to cheer and help them,
And God helping me I will.

Molly and the Baby.

There's a precious little woman here be-
low,
And a little kid that must have a show,
So I'll put my whisky up, and I'll take
a coffee cup,
With Molly and the baby, don't you
know.

CHORUS.

Don't you know, don't you know, what
a fellow ought to do?
Who has a little family depending on
him so;
He should try to be a man, and do the
best he can
For Molly and the baby don't you know.

You may tell the whisky seller he can
go,

For he'll never get a nickel from me
now.
He can keep his poison trash, and I'll
put away my cash
For Molly and the baby don't you know.

You may tell the politician he may
crow,
But I'm in for prohibition head and toe;
And since I've turned my coat, I shall
cast a temperance vote,
For Molly and the baby don't you know.

When Summer Comes Again.

There was once a fair maiden of ten-
der grace,
Laughing blue eyes and a winsome
face,
Also a youth brimming with truth,
Got married one day in spring.
Through the sweet scented summer
they knew no fear;
But the mills have all closed in the
winter drear,
Then when the lad was gloomy and
sad,
She'd kiss him and then she would
sing:

CHORUS.

Sweet heart, fond heart, from your side
I'll never part;
We'll be together love, in sunshine or
in rain.
Don't be repinning; what is the use of
complaining,
We'll be happy love, when summer
comes again.

The cold cheerless winter soon passed
away,
Spring came with flowers to deck sweet
May,
Maiden and lad proved to be glad
And sang like birds in spring;
The dark shadows of sorrow ne'er
came again,
To that sweet little cot just down the
lane.
Then at the door, when his day's work
was o'er,
She'd kiss him and then she would sing:
—Chorus.

Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.

While strolling down the street one
eve,

Upon mere pleasure bent;
Wae after business worry of the day.
I spied a girl who shrank from me
In whom I recognized my schoolmate
in—

A village far away,
Is that you Madge? I said to her;
She quickly turned away.
Don't turn away, Madge, I am still your
friend,
Next week I am going back to see the
old folks
And I thought perhaps a message you
would like to send.

CHORUS.

Just tell them that you saw me,
And they will know the rest;
Just tell them that I'm looking well
you know,
Just whisper if you get a chance, to
mother dear, and say,
I love her as I did long, long ago.

Your cheeks are pale, your face is thin
Come, tell me, were you ill?
When last we met your eyes shone
clear and bright;
Come home with me, when I go, Madge,
The change will do you good;
Your mother wonders where you are
tonight.
I long to see them once again, but not
just yet, she said;
'Tis pride alone that's keeoin' me
away;
Just tell them not to worry, for I'm all
right, don't you know,
Tell mother I am coming home some
day.

Memory of Mother.

I've a tender recollection that I cherish
all my life,
And age doth make it dearer, day by
day.
'Tis the memory of a mother, whose
smiles in days gone by
Drove all my earthly childhood
thoughts away.

CHORUS.

She was so gentle and so kind, I shall
ever bear in mind.
Oh, many a golden lesson she taught
me.

If I'd wealth and earthly power, I'd
give all for one hour,
To sit upon my dear old mother's knee.

I remember in the evening while the
fire was burning bright,
She called me to her side and said to
me:

Ah, my boy, be brave and truthful
And never be ashamed of the teaching
that you learned on mother's
knee.—Chorus.

How her loving voice would cheer me,
When at evening I'd return—
From laboring in the meadow all the
day.

How each tender word brought com-
fort; but that voice is silent now.
The mother that I loved has passed
away.—Chorus.

The Girls Won't Do To Trust.

Your sweetheart calls you handsome
and vow that she adores,
She writes you tender letters and signs
them only yours.
Says you compare with others as dia-
monds do with dust;
Just what she tells your rival, then the
girls won't do to trust.

CHORUS.

No, they won't do to trust; no, they
won't do to trust;
I tell you, boys, I know them, and the
girls won't do to trust.

I konw they are much nicer than ugly
horrid men.

For they do not chew tobacco nor
smoke nor swear like them;

They do not drink cheap whisky, they
don't get on a bust;

But I tell you, boys, I know them, and
the girls won't do to trust.

—Chorus.

They'll do to make an evening pass
pleasantly and swift,

For the shadow must be heavy then
their laughter cannot lift.

They'll do to spend your money and
think it is but just;

They'll do to love and look at, but the
girls won't do to trust.

—Chorus.

What Folks are Made Out Of.

What's our little babes made out of?
what's our little babes made out of?

Caresses and kisses, pink and white dresses,

That's what our little babes are made out of.

What's our little girls made out of?
what's our little girls made out of?

Curls and roses, dolls and posies,

That's what our little girls are made out of.

What's our little boys made out of?
what's our little boys made out of?

Bread and molasses, dirty faces and patches,

That's what our little boys are made out of.

What's our young ladies made out of?
what's our young ladies made out of?

Frizzes and bangs, gum and perfume,
That's what our young ladies are made out of.

What's our young men made out of?
what's our young men made out of?

Cuffs and collars, big pockets without dollars,

That's what our young men are made out of?

What's our old maids made out of?
what's our old maids made out of?

Rags, tags and old paper bags,
That's what our old maids are made out of.

What's our old bachelors made out of?
what's our old bachelors made out of?

Growls and snarls and puppy dog tails,
That's what our old bachelors are made out of.

The Blind Man's Appeal.

Strangers, will you kindly listen, do not coldly pass me by;

You who are blest of heaven, listen to the blind man's cry,

Sad and lonely here I wander, all my life one clouded dream,
For I cannot see the sunshine, cannot see the world's bright gleam.

CHORUS.

I can clasp your hands in friendship,
Listen to your words of love;
But I cannot see your faces
'Till we meet in heaven above.

Human aid is unavailing, I must blend
beneath its blight,
I'd be happy in the sunshine, but my days are dark as night.
All my life is sad and dreary, gently glowing every day,
I would give this world of nations,
Could those shadows pass away.

See, my brother stands beside me, he will keep me from all harm.
Where I go he kindly leads me, gently leaning on his arm,
May the blessings of kind heaven rest on him both day and night,
And the friends that here surround me
Keep your health, retain your sight.

Money After All.

There are men in all professions, whom we meet with every day.
Let their lives be spent in business or in pleasures as they may;
Who profess a creed in public that they practice not at all,
For they all are after money, so it's money after all.

CHORUS.

Money after all, money after all;
They all are after money, so it's money after all.
The doctor in his office sits among his viles and pills,
And deals the poison doses out to cure the people's ills,
He says he likes to give relief to suffering ones who call;
But he loves to get their money, so it's money after all.—Chorus.

The politician rave about reform from morn till night,
And says if he elected is, will legislate for right;

But when he gets to congress, he's the
grandest rogue of all.
For he'll gobble up the money, so it's
money after all.—Chorus.

The minister takes his text, and then
devoutly says:
Repent, ye sinners, and believe, forsake
your evil ways.
I am laboring for the Master, don't you
hear his gracious call;
But he labors for the money, so it's
money after all.—Chorus.

I wish to say, before closing, that I
have placed the Eye Medicine, spoken
of in this book, in the hands of my
brother, David Hagans, Warsaw, O.

Now, kind reader, hoping that you
are remunerated for the price paid for
this little book, and thanking you for
your liberality, I now bid you fare-
well.

Respectfully,
URIAH HAGANS.

Third Edition.

DECEMBER, 1900.

The close of this year and century
finds me seated writing for my little
book; there being a space of over four
years since my last writing in April,
'97. Days, months and years have come
and gone until I have passed the half
mile stone of my life and it tells upon
my hair and beard, which are now
sprinkled with gray. Though I still
remain in darkness my hope of seeing
is when I enter that mansion of rest
and there read my title clear to man-
sions in the skies. I still remain in
the spirit of contentment and make the
best of life, with the help God has
placed in my hand and heart.

To go back to the year of '97. From
spring to the close of the year found
me battling with the same trials and
exposures; and yet amid it all comfort
and pleasures marked my path. Com-
fortable quarters were provided me
wherever I went, and the pleasure of

meeting many old acquaintances is
pleasant to my memory. My trips
during the summer of this year took
me back over the grounds of my boy-
hood into Knox and Coshoc-ton coun-
ties, meeting many friends and rela-
tions. I visited at the home of my
cousins at Franklin Station, Coshoc-
ton Co., O., Joseph Gonder, who proved
to be a help to me acting as a guide
in assisting me to and from several
places which gave me a fair support,
was a true friend. His home was a
home for me also.

My brother, Rev. B. R. Hagans, liv-
ing at this time in West Newark, O.,
was visited by the writer and arrange-
ments were made by him over his
charge for my work which was met
with applause and favor in this sec-
tion. I feel I have many friends
here, among whom is the Lampton
family, where I made my headquarters

near Carmill church. Also Wm. Mason and family, another home that welcomed my coming, of whom I will speak later on.

Mt. Sterling was my next appointment. Here my kind old friend, Rev. H. J. Duckworth, met me with a welcome hand shake and took me to his pleasant home where I met his kind wife and daughter, Nellie, who was married and living at home. George, her husband, joined the home circle in making it pleasant for me, it being my home for several days, the reversed taking me to and bringing me from my appointments which he had arranged for me over his field of labor. Brother D. is the same true worker for the Master that he was twenty years ago, when I met him for the first time in the town where I now live, Liberty Center, O. God will bless him and his family for favors extended by them to me.

I should love to dwell here in thought but space will not permit it, so I pass on, leaving many friends whose names are not mentioned.

I again returned to my home, stopping in the city of Columbus, O., on my way back, to visit my boys in the state schools, who are always pleased to have me call on them. God bless my boys, and make them useful men, is my daily prayer. I am so anxious for them.

In the beginning of the year 1898, I made a trip to Columbus and over some of the territory which I formerly worked over; answering a call made for me by M. L. Hoger, agent at Kavallo, O.

Found this man, though a stranger, to be one of whom I could not help but feel at ease with at first meeting

him. His home was my home full of welcome, with good accommodations. Success crowned the work at this place for the second time. The first time I stopped with C. G. Simmons, who, with the kind help of his wife, Mrs. S., cared for my wants and made all things pleasant for me. These friends, with many others around and about this place, I hold fondly in memory.

In June I was again called to the place of my boyhood days, this time to attend the funeral of my brother David's daughter, Fanny, a loving girl of 12 summers. She had learned to love Jesus as she had her school books and was an apt scholar. Her young life was old in examples to others, and her sweet voice was heard at church and in her home, singing songs of praise to her Master. Among her favorite hymns was "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll be There." I often sing this song now, and think of her as being "Up Yonder," keeping company with my dear old mother, whose name the angel-child bore. But grandma no doubt longed for the sweet child's company, and Miss Fanny's name is now called on that roll.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above." * *

At Amity, O., I went and found the acquaintance of Thomas Popham and wife, Jerushia, both blind, who had been educated at the State School in Columbus several years before. They witnessed my work at that place, and encouraged the effort with compliments.

Coloson Ridge M. E. church received

me gladly, this being a noted place in my younger days to go to church. Here I met my old friends, Isaac Crowther and wife, and stayed over night with them. No one could ask for better accommodations than I received in their home. Isaac, being a man of influence in the church, and one of the board officials, also made the entertainment a pleasant success for me.

Sept. 3d—The ice cream and box social at the schoolhouse at Claylick, Licking Co., O., managed by Bro. Will Mason and wife, assisted by Geo. Lamton and others, made this one of the best and largest welcomes I ever had. The cornet band assisted me in furnishing music for the large crowd present.

God knows how grateful I was to the people who spent their money so freely to be applied to my help. Bro. Will was the right man to make it win, and was also respected and regarded in the highest esteem by all who knew him. Delaware Co. is among the best fields of labor for me. Many very kind friends whom I might mention here are on the list in this county. I made my home for a while with B. F. Williams, his wife Kate being a full cousin to me. They lived near Richmond, O. They assisted me in arranging my work in several places in this section of the country. Also, Kate's father, who lived at Bellpoint, O., had helped to open a field of entertainments in his section of the country. Old Uncle John Ollise was a good standby at the church on the banks of the Scioto river, near Bellpoint. Another friend, Rev. C. T. Payne, of Yorkstreet, O., invited me to his home, where I stopped for two weeks, and was loathe to leave. I was

as one of the family there, and made to feel welcome by all. Bro. Payne, with his open heart, filled with love for his Master and duty to his church and people, who had all confidence in their pastor, arranged over his work for me, taking me to and from my places of entertainment. Hhis church, at Yorkstreet was crowded, showing what influence he had over his people at home. The Christian Endeavor Society gave me a gift from their treasury, which makes Yorkstreet champion of the season. I can hardly drop this thread of thought without mentioning the names of scores of noble-hearted friends through Wyandot and Marion counties. But, as before, space will not permit it. Whorton, O., was noted for a strange occurrence. The large church was filled with people, and, as rule for collection, was to offer my tickets and receive what this would bring me on a free-will offering plan. I offered my tickets, and, believe me I could not induce one to take a ticket for love nor money, or at any price, the entire audience respecting it as a free entertainment. Such an occurrence has never happened before or since. A basket collection was then tried, the amount being small compared with the crowd present. Yet I tried to do my part to make the hour one of interest, which was appraised and expressed by all as an hour well spent, giving me a cordial invitation to come again. Stopped at this place with Bro. David Spoon and family, grand and noble, good people. This was on December 2d, 1898, which closed my work for the year, and on the following morning I left for my home in Liberty Center, O. Matters went about as usual in the beginning

of the year '99. In the spring of '99 I opened a new territory of my work in Allen and Auglaize counties. My brother, B. R. Hagans, of Newark, O., previously mentioned, having a work assigned to him in the ministry, had moved near Allentown, O. I visited him and his family a few days and in the meantime arrangements were made for me to hold forth at two of his churches, Antioch and Bethlehem, which was well attended and good interest shown. I stopped with William Peff at Antioch church. The people at this place seemed well pleased with my effort, for not only was it above the average in attendance, but when I got home they sent me the proceeds of a box social, which was no small sum, something which don't occur often in one's lifetime. This gift alone would show a kind and generous hearted people. God bless them, and, also, the people at Bethlehem church. The attendance at this church was not large enough, but interesting and welcomed me back. I was received in the pleasant home of E. Neece, at this place. Buckland, O., was my next place, and was kindly received by Dr. R. W. Sharp, a warm friend of my uncle, G. W. Hagans. The doctor and wife soon made me feel right at home with them, and their influence brought me a full house at the church. When it came time to leave, the doctor's fine carriage waited at the gate to convey me to Wapakoneta, the county seat of Auglaize Co. Taking the train there I went to Cridersville, O., where I met Dr. Barton and family, also his brother Dave and family, where I made my home for two weeks and took in the surrounding country, arranging at several places. By the

way, the Bartons were cousins to my first wife, making our meeting very pleasant indeed. I met Rev. Sour, pastor of the M. E. church here, who used his influence in my behalf and I found his people alive to the work of the Master, and I was met by a kind and generous people. Uniopolis, St. John, New Hampshire and Waynesfield were towns that also received me in my entertainment work. At St. John I stopped with J. Allen, a well known grain dealer, who proved himself a Christian brother to me and his family joined him in making their home pleasant to me. The other towns mentioned, holds many friends and the proprietors of the hotels at which I stopped, treated me with the best of favors, and their prices to me were very reasonable. At N. H. the Brotherhood of Maccabees opened their tent to my work and I held forth my songs, music, lecture, etc., to a large audience. I had joined their order in June of '97, as a social member, while no other benefits are allowed me I wish to say this alone is a great blessing to me when love, duty and honor are at stake. No harm can befall us—K. O. T. M. At Wesley Chapel I stopped with a very kind family, the home of J. A. Copeland. His farm as well as others around him are noted for making large quantities of maple syrup, which but few can refuse its delicious sweetness. In spite of the rainy weather I entertained a fair crowd. On Sunday night at the Olive church people began to gather before sundown and at an early hour the pews were well filled and all well prepared to take their part. Findlay, O., was the center of my next trip out from home, stopping there at the

homes of Rev. J. T. Graffice, formerly a neighbor and old friend, and also with Rev. G. W. Gorder, serving churches out from Findlay into which I was gladly received by pastor and people. Bro. Ely Hoy and wife used their influence at more than one place to bring a victory to my effort which can be felt better than told. Bro Carder was a stand-by and his home a shelter in time of storm to me, God bless the dear brother and afflicted wife, Rev. Roberts, of Van Loo, both received me in their homes and churches with a hearty ring of welcome from all, which makes one feel at home and enjoy every comfort, which is surely a blessing for one like me to be thrown into. At Burton Ridge, O., I met Robert Watkins, who was an old time friend of twenty years or more. His voice trembled and so did his hand telling me that time had prepared him for an early harvest. Eighty-six years or more had traced its lines on his body, yet his heart was young with eternal life. He was in company with his daughter and grand daughter whose names I cannot recall. But their deeds of kindness are not forgotten,

July 27, '99, found me in a family re-union for the second time on the same grounds at Nebo, O. While hearts were made glad by meeting again, there was sadness as well; for six years had broken the family link, and three of the family (father's brothers) had passed over the river of death. Others who belong to the family descendants had tasted death also, thus filling the hearts of those left with sadness as well as joy. A large number of neighbors and friends, estimated at two thousand, were present on this

occasion, which was a grand success.

Gilboa, Ohio, was visited by the writer in August, stopping with Bro. David Ash. The little town of Gilboa can be proud that Bro. Ash and family live within its limits. It was in a very busy season of the year, yet time was taken and provision made for my comfort and wants. While singing, and in the midst of my entertainment at this place a strange thing took place. I was called down by Rev. David Brandebery, pastor in charge for singing a sacred song. The brother was too hasty and made no friends for himself by so doing. The song was a camp-meeting song, used by the colored people, full of expression, which did not impress the reverend very favorably. But when put to a test, the entire congregation was against him. With such a spirit, it brings in the question, "Who is to win souls to Christ? Bro. Ash helped me to arrange for one or two other places and conveyed me to the home of Henry Imhoff, who, being a stranger, was not held as such long when they found I was a nephew to Mattie _____, who had won their affections the year before. My aunt had been a friend in time of need to these people, and when the kind wife was informed that Mattie's nephew was indeed there, a welcome home was thrown open to me for a week or more, and Roy, their son, took me where we arranged at several churches, and the trip was not only a pleasant one but a paying one as well. This home was located near Townwood Ohio., and when the time came for me to go I confess I was sorry to leave. I boarded the train at Leipsic and went to Lima, changed roads and went to Forest, O., where I was met and taken

about eight miles in the country. I again found myself at Yorkstreet in Wyandot county. This time meeting hosts of friends both from there and abroad gathered in church council. While every home was crowded with guests there was a place for me at the home of James Wright with the best of accommodations. The council was well attended and able ministers preached the word in the spirit and with power. Surely this was a season of rejoicing among God's chosen ones and all lovers of Jesus. About October 1st I went with my boys to Columbus. After they were established in their schools I went to the home of my brother, C. M. Hagans, of Mt. Sterling, O., who is also in the ministry, and has been for more than fifteen years. I had never heard him preach, he being stationed a little to one side, of my line of travel. He never had a home to take me to except as he homed with others. But this time he had rooms furnished in the parsonage and they were complete except for one jewel. There was no wife to call him husband. I must say I enjoyed this brother's home and society. I remained with him a week using two of his churches for my work, which, under his direction and arranged plans proved a success. From there I went to J. A. Solinger's at High Water, O. I had never met this brother before, but was not there long till we were fast friends, both him and his family. In this home with Bro. Solinger and family I remained two weeks. Although it was a very busy season of the year time was taken to help arrange at several places for my work. Bro Solinger conveying me to and from the places arranged. I must say few people could or would do

as much for me as this family, and what they did was done in a way that made me feel at home with them, and through their influence I had a well filled house at High Water. The three first texts I heard my brother, C. M. Hagans, preach from were:: Luke 8:37; 1st King 18:42, and Matthew 13:44.

Appleton, O., a small town on the stage line between Newark and Hartford, found me on a Saturday night. It being a rainy, stormy night, but few people ventured out to hear me. However, Sunday night being a fair night a large crowd was present, and all expressed themselves well entertained by the effort I put forth to do so with. My home over Sunday was with J. A. Montgomery and wife, who made it pleasant for me there. Taking the hack at Appleton I went to Hartford, where I was met by Mary, wife of John Payne, who took me to their comfortable home, four miles in the country. Two or three appointments around about here awaited my arrival. At this home I met Rev. C. T. Payne and two sons, Flavie and Warren, also Uncle Ben Parcell, of Yorkstreet. They were on their way to a district council of the church at Jersey chapel. It was arranged that I should go with them. We reached the place on Saturday. On this night Bro. Payne was to preach and I to play and sing some of my favorite songs. But the first note of my violin caused a sensation. A Mr. Garbrant called for his hat and left the church expressing with strong language that the devil was in the violin. We used it just the same, for through ignorance it had not yet occurred to him what a blessing the violin is to some and to me it had been a blessing,

one of God's highest adorned favors. When music is so distasteful to some here on earth, I have wondered if they would leave the congregation of God's chosen ones rather than hear them play on their harps of a thousand strings to the praise of God. Will they choose darkness rather than light? They stand in their own light here and are to be pitied. The word says: "Do not be shaken by every wind of doctrine." Then let us go to it for light and eternal life. Rev. C. C. Erwine, of Coshocton and Wallace, of Condit, O., both rendered me good assistance, proving their true Christian love by word and deeds.

A large number of people that I might name here and many whose names I can not recall have shown their true Christian principle, though not all who profess possess the character of Christ to blind Martinus. I have used many of my songs in sick rooms to cheer the hearts of those afflicted or near unto death, and their souls would shout gladness to the expression of song and music. I expect to meet father, mother, sisters and brothers over on the other shore who no longer can be cheered up here on earth by songs and music. There will be something in heaven for us all to do.

Meet me there; meet me there.

The end of the year '99, lightly sketched: David E. Meek residing at Emmet, O., a very true and faithful friend, and respected by all who know him, was paid a visit by the writer in the early part of Feb., 1900. I had but little acquaintance with his wife and family, consisting of two girls and a boy. Vera, the oldest, eleven, Edith six and Earl three; all joined to make it

pleasant for me, and I felt at home with them. I have made this a home and stopping place for a few days at a time several times during the year. My friend Meek arranged a number of places for my work in school houses and churches for several miles round, taking me to and from the different points. Elk Bordner assisted me by cording on the guitar at several places. Emmet school house was crowded for me on a three days' notice from D. E. Meek. Many are the interesting friends for me at Emmet. I was called back to this place to furnish the music for an exhibition or home talent play in the spring. The play was good and largely attended. I was again called to this place near the close of the year to give another entertainment, showing by the attendance that they appreciated my work and effort. Bullard school house also received me the second time in this year. Cecil Sherwood, Mark Center and Delaware Bend, Maumee Valley chapel, Kinzer school and Canal Junction, also Shady Corners, with other school houses were used by the influence of D. E. Meek. It proved a success. Ira Kintner, Urias Woodring, H. W. Wallace and a number of others in this section loaned a helping hand to crown my work with success. Stopping with Wm. White, south of Cecil, I used the school house that stood about thirty feet from the spot where the Good children were found murdered by Hart a few years ago. James Haver and wife, of Sherwood opened their home to me, where I stayed a few days using the church there two nights. The pastor, Rev. Smith, assisted me by his able remarks in my entertainment here, also saying he was well pleased and enter-

tained, and I would find in him a reliable friend. At Mark Center I stopped at a hotel managed by Pearl Wonderly and wife, who showed by their liberality that they had hearts full of sympathy. Took dinner with James Wheeler, a cousin to D. E. Meek, of Emmet. Stopping over at Mark Center several days I met and stayed at the home of Mr. Voss. His wife Hattie, whom I treated for sore eyes, and cured some twenty years ago, being a daughter of Wm. Bellinger, of Texas, O. To say I was welcome there is hardly strong enough, for nothing was left undone for my comfort. L. Swinehart, of Florida, O., arranged an entertainment for me here, this being the third or fourth time for me at Florida. I met Dr. S. E. Miller and his father, Rev. Geo. Miller, formerly of (Liberty Center) here. The affair proved victorious for me again, and my home at Swinehart's was truly a pleasant one. Wm. Moates, of Moates Station, was my home while in that section, and it being a home of a preacher will explain all. It was here I met Rev. L. B. Smith this being his work at the time, together with Ney and Williams Center, O. While at Ney I stopped with W. W. O. Campbell, who keeps a hotel with good accommodations, and treated me with great respect. Held forth at Fairview church to a good audience stopping with Bro. Ed King; at Dry Creek with I. W. Fickel and at Six Corners with Frank Ulises. They all made me welcome and their influence shown in my work proved a success. Many are the names I could mention while traveling along this line that proved to be my friends. Rev. J. Ferguson received me at his home and churches. This brother is a worker for

the Master with a heart to do all he can for the happiness of others. Rev. J. C. Sin Clair, of Antwery, O., is another Christian brother who is willing to help those who try in an honorable way to help themselves. P. J. Schuster, living near the reservoir in Paulding Co., O, while leading me to my place of entertainment and carried a heavy laden valise, remarked it was not heavy because I was his brother. Oh, how often we could lighten the loads of others if we could but consider them as our brothers as Christ did. The above mentioned reservoir was a feeder to a canal, at one time covering a great many acres of land with water, making it a fine place for fishing and duck hunting, also causing lots of sickness. This was done away with some few years ago and today fine farms mark the spot which are very rich and productive. At a school house just outside the reservoir, called Section 8, I met a good crowd of people who appreciated my work. This was shown by the good order they gave me. I was told that this was something strange for this place. I stopped over night with B. K. Tom, and was taken to Worstville by J. L. Musgrave, stopping with Bro. L. Stillwell. Here I met a W. C. Suellinberger, blind. I spent a few hours with him and wife and two little boys. In my entertainment here a professed brother took exceptions to a song I sang and when we met would not fellowship with me. Is it possible to please all? No! Even Christ could not please all with his wonderful goodness. Then how could man expect to please those so set in their way, seeing others faults but not theirs. I have many kind friends at Worstville who

did appreciate my effort. I had the pleasure of being there some two weeks later and learned to love Bro. Buysa, a minister and editor of a paper at Latty, O. At St. Paul church the minister even omitted his sacramental services to try to keep me from holding for the others, after my announcements were made, saying he would not administer sacrament in that church if a violin be admitted there. So I used the school house at Brison, two miles away, to a very crowded house, stopping with W. M. Worley and L. Paulus and Charley Clingler, who lived in this community, and among the best workers in the church. Well the violin is a terror to some and a blessing to others. I met a man near Hedges, O., who said if he would go to my entertainment, he would have to drop his religion and dance. I told him to stay away, for dancing was not allowed in my entertainment. Mrs. Hall, a lady preacher, at Hedges, also took some objection to my work on the line of love, duty and justice, and prayer was a task for her to perform in the presence of her congregation. If my violin and the work I do would cut off my prayers I would surely put an end to them. But I have reasons to know they are a blessing to me and are handed down by God, the Father, to help me in my darkness to maintain a livelihood for my family. While one here and another somewhere else object, the majority of this great mass of people encourage me by wishing me God-speed and a welcome to come again. From I. D. King's at Latty, O., Rev. Buysa transferred me to Bro. Henry Slack's home on Bluecrick, a distance of four miles in the country. Here I used the

U. B. church to quite a large and well pleased audience. At Havaland I used the Baptist church, making my home with Mrs. A. Legit; was taken from there to the home of Bro. S. B. Mason by Joshua Smith, another friend and brother. These two men were old time friends to each other and I felt at home with them both. Bro. Mason lived near the Latty Center M. E. church. These men are of the true type and will stand by me and the right, let come what may. I hope to travel this work again in the near future and meet the kind and generous friends who administered to my wants. I stopped at Hedges with John Parish who keeps a hotel there and who is a brother to Uncle Geo. Parish, whose home for a number of years has been at Liberty Center, my home also. I also put up at the home of J. L. Fogle, a good place to be. Sister Fogle is among our best workers in the Sunday school and church and at home among our best house keepers and cooks. J. B. Moody, of Rose Hill, was my next stopping place. He is a cousin to the noted Evangelist Moody. He was not afraid to say come to all whom he saw, and send word those he did not see. With his help and influence a large crowd turned out at this place and all expressed themselves well. On returning from this trip I made it a point to stop with my trusty friends, D. E. Meek and family. He was always pleased to learn that my trip had been a profitable one. And sometimes I would satisfy his anxiety for my welfare by laying my hand gently on his breast and saying I was well paid for my efforts. To say my work was without expense and effort would be false, but with this expense and effort which

it required for a success, I must say I was surely greatly favored by many, In August and September I traveled through a nice country east, northeast and south of Ft. Wayne, Ind. A small town called Woodburn, on the Wabash railroad, I made my headquarters. Having secured P. V. Lepert for a guide, I put up at the hotel of S. E. Shutt, who proved to be a very clever landlord to me. Rev. E. A. Bunner rendered me valuable services on his work. On Sunday night I held forth to a full house at Black Creek church, stopping over night with Mr. George Huffman. This brother is an invalid, caused by a paralytic stroke. An observer would have been amused to see us help one another, I to what he could not help himself to do, and he to what I could not see to do. Strange but true, his neighbor, Mr. Herriew, was afflicted in a similar way. It caused me to be thankful my affliction was no worse. I would rather bear my affliction than either of theirs. At Marysville, Ind., I stopped with Bro. Sam Mills, a man of great influence and a great worker in the church. Mr. Forder, of near Cecil, had referred me to this man, and I found him to be all he was recommended to be. Both he and his wife made their home a pleasant place for me to be. At this place I attended a Sunday school picnic in the grove and was called upon to help fill up the program with my songs and music. This was a very large picnic, there being an estimate of three thousand present. This was on the 4th of August and on the 11th I had the pleasure of being present and assisted in the same work at Leo, Ind. I had been stopping with Bro. Eugene Cook, of Cedarville, and went with him and

family to this grove picnic. My work and favors at these picnics was the result of my having many other calls, invitations to come and give entertainments. Dr. E. D. Smith, of Leo, rendered me some valuable service and I found a fine stopping place at the hotel managed by Henry Dister and daughter, Mrs. Moses Horn, her husband being a nephew of Mrs. Charles Knouss, of my home town. I found Rev. O. S. Heart, of Spencerville, a kind, noble Christian gentleman; also brother Joseph Spitler, of the same place, who acted as my guide and was always ready to lend a helping hand.

The homes of Frank Webb, C. H. Lake, S. A. Ransom, W. Rose and N. A. Hill are very pleasant places to be and one could not help but feel grateful for and appreciate such favors as were mine to enjoy while with them. At Edgerton, Ind., my next place to visit, I found warm hearted people who kindly welcomed me into their church. Rev. Bummer had opened the way for me there. I also had the pleasure to make the acquaintance of William Thompson, a devoted Christian man. I put up at the Letherman hotel where the best of accommodations were given me without a charge. Mr. Letherman taking me with his horse and carriage to Townsley, a distance of eight miles, where I assisted in a grove picnic given by the Maccabees, of which I made mention before of being a member. Here I met John Aiken, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., speaker of the day.

I put up at the home of Wm. Keller who, joined by his family, made me very welcome. Brother Keller is an influential and a stand-by in the church. He did me many kind favors without

is seeming a task to him to do so. He took me to the town of Monroeville Ind., and left me in the care of and home of H. N. and Mary Congleton, where I was again made a welcome guest. I gave an entertainment in the church at this place, which was well filled, B. F. Miller met me here on the day following and took me to his home in the country where we found a good dinner awaiting our arrival. Dividing my time here, I stopped over night with a Mr. Snyder, who lived near the school house in which I gave an entertainment. On the 11th of September, on the day after giving this entertainment, Mr. Miller again took me to the home of Daniel Rothgib near a school house called the Longgardener school, where I gave an entertainment which was well attended. Again I returned by the way of Woodburn home.

Now the town in which I live must not be forgotten in my sketch. For once each year my son Clyde and I have had good attendance in our entertainment here. It is expected of us to give a song and musical entertainment together while he is home for his summer vacation from school in Columbus, where he is a regular pupil from September to the next May or June. His progress in music is rapidly advancing, the piano being his favorite instrument, although he also plays the violin and guitar with great skill for a boy of fourteen summers, but of all instruments let him sit down to a piano and he can detect its good and bad qualities in a very few moments. The churches in the country surrounding our little town also anxiously await his homecoming, that the friends and members of the same can hear us together. Heben chapel, one of these

churches, is located in the midst of many warm hearted friends. Bro. Ed. Liest, Herb Whitman and Fred Steward are among the regular donators, but many other names could be mentioned to such a number that it is impossible to give all. It is a great pleasure to know we live among and are surrounded by friends of the highest culture and type.

Whitehouse, a town on the Wabash R. R., not far from home, has an annual appointment for us. Rev. Warner and F. Black have been our entertainers while there. Whitehouse can boast of no better homes nor citizens than these. We do know there are many kind and generous people there who are willing to lend a hand to the needy, also who are ever ready to encourage us in our work. I wish to mention the name of Peter Noirot, of Pleasant Bend, O., who with his wife called on me at my home. This man was, twenty years ago, a small lad making his home with me and going to school, also acting as chore boy for me about the house and the store, being then in business for myself. Peter was a good boy, and tried hard to do his work well. But somehow his awkward ways would often get him into trouble. At one time, while helping Mrs. Hagans (my first wife) wash, he was about to compliment himself for getting along so nicely when, at the last moment, he upset a tub of dirty water on the kitchen floor, which was carpeted; and at another time upset the oyster stew, which was ready to be served, this time on the best carpet. He would always come to me with his troubles, and seemed to feel so bad over his difficulties that I always felt sorry for him. He went

away, and for 20 years I heard nothing of him. During this time he had grown to manhood, and by hard work and careful saving had accumulated some means in the far West, returning home to purchase the old homestead and care for his aged parents. His visit was very much enjoyed by us both. About the 4th of October I came as far as Toledo with my boys, who were on their way to school at Columbus. I went on to Gypsum, stopping at the home of Charles and Ida Fillinger, where I remained for a week or ten days, they helping me to arrange at different places on my work. Gypsum and Plasterbed turned out good for me considering the busy season, it being fruit time, everybody busy gathering and shipping grapes and peaches. I never was in such a fruit country before. I had been told that at Gypsum they had handled and canned 5,000 bushels of peaches in one day. One could scarcely believe this statement until they would remain a few days at this place in fruit gathering time. It certainly is wonderful and would be a sight to see from forty to eighty loads of peaches waiting one after the other their turn to be unloaded into the fruit house. I held entertainments at two places on Catawba Island, at Peachton and Ottawa City, stopping with Alva Barnum, who is also a fruit grower and who, though busy, assisted me in making arrangements for my work. Mrs. Burgderfer and Ada Grover aided me at Ottawa City. I visited Venice next and stopped with Frank Orork, landlord of this place. Was also at Marblehead Junction, these places are noted for their grape growing and wines. I then went

to Lacarne, stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who made me welcome. After a trip of ten days, I left this place feeling I had made a mistake in going here in such a busy time. I used the church at Airline Junction, Toledo, O., Oct. 22. This being a rainy night the attendance was small. The presidential campaign being now very exciting and occupying the spare time of the people. I could do but little in my line of work. I made my next trip the last of November, and up to Dec. 16, opened up a field of work in Michigan, stopping off at Montgomery, on the Lake Shore railroad, where I was received into the home of John H. Hagerman. Securing him as a guide we started out next day after my arrival to secure places for my work. Camden was the first place secured, stopping over night with Sam Kinsey, landlord of this place, who by the way is a jolly good fellow, believing his prayers are always answered, for he does his deeds without waiting for an answer to prayer first. Now in this same town were those who prayed long and loud, but who became offended, when asked by friends to aid me in my work with their influence. I was kindly received by the one and rejected by the other. Oh, does it not require faith in Him whom we put our trust to keep sweetly saved, and not be shaken by false religion! We then secured Ewing chapel and stopped with Henry Ewing and family, where we stayed two days. It was here that I ate my Thanksgiving dinner, the table groaning beneath its load of good things. From here we went to Frontier, Mich. A protracted meeting was about to begin at the M. E. church, and the U. B. church did not seem to

be up with the times. A few of its leaders rejected my request to use this church, because I used a violin. One brother had cheek enough to wish me "Godspeed, and to the church that will receive you, go thy way." Comforting words, thought he, but not so. If all professed Christians would meet me in this way where would I go? To the roughs and toughs, and there would be no use for a change at heart; for if all objected to this musical instrument then all are wrong, and have gone astray, according to the truth set forth in the psalms—where all instruments are used in harmony to praise God. I am impressed that any one who can use an instrument in music, and refuses to use it to the glory of God, commits a sin, and will, if they do not repent, receive their just punishment.

Cambria was our next stopping place. Here I was met with a stiff denial by Rev. Sharp, pastor of the M. E. church, on the excuse that my references were not satisfactory, they only being approved by all the business men of my own home, and also signed and endorsed by two ministers, who have known me for years. Nevertheless, this was not enough, and I was turned away, while a student from Albion college was received at a salary of \$30 for one night. I only mention these things as some of my experiences, to show that we do not all see alike. It does not require eyes to see these things. I was received at the Free Will Baptist, and was liberally patronized. Found a good stopping place at the hotel managed by W. R. Sheldon and wife, she being a sister to Mr. Roberts, of my home town—Liberty Center. The above mentioned

places did not turn out very large crowds, it being my first effort in this part of the country, and sickness and bad weather being against me. But I have made many true friends here. I stayed over night with Henry Woodring, three miles south of Camden, he being a brother of Urias Woodring, of Cecil, O., of whom I mentioned before. Mr. Kine, the stage driver between Mt. Gomery and Camden, rendered me valuable service. I next visited Ray, Ind. Here Rev. C. M. Smith arranged an entertainment at his church for me the result being a crowded house. He is a true Christian man and worker for good, and his influence is felt in all he undertakes. His wife, who being kept at home by sickness, sent her donation, which was a highly appreciated act. While here I put up at the hotel whose landlord is known as C. S. Mc—who also favored me with liberal rates. Returning by the way of Auburn Junction, Ind., and Sherwood, I landed again at home. God bless the many true friends mentioned here in my little book; also the hundreds of names not mentioned, but whose hearts I know are in true sympathy with the efforts I have put forth in their presence to command an honest support and to give new courage to the weak and discouraged who suffer affliction similar to my own. A much larger book could be printed here with the foundation I have already given, but could only sketch the outline which the reader will observe; and the many references herein given may, I trust, be interesting to all who read my little book.

"God still guides and leads me on;
I am trusting in His power."

By faith I see the open gate
And lights along the shore.
This ends my book, also another century.

I expect to begin anew for God a willing mind, heart and hand, to do whatever I can.

U. HAGANS.

P. S.—I will still add a few of my choice songs, learned and sung since my second edition.—Finis.

Life's Railway to Heaven.

Life is like a mountain railroad,
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave.
Watch the curves, the hills, the tunnels,
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

CHORUS.

Blessed saviour, He will guide us
Till we reach that blissful shore,
Where the angels wait to join us
In Thy praise for evermore.

You will ride up grades of trials,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor
On this lightning train of life.
Always mindful of obstructions,
Do your duty, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

—Chorus.

You will often find obstruction,
Look for storms of wind and rain,
On a curve or fill a trestle
They will almost ditch your train.
Put your trust alone in Jesus,
Never falter, never quail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

—Chorus.

As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,
You behold the Union Depot
Into which your train will glide.
There you'll see your superintendent—
God, the Father and the Son,
With the hearty, joyous plaudit,
"Weary pilgrim, welcome home!"

—Chorus.

He'll Take Care of Me.

When clouds dark and heavy hang over
my way,
And shadows before me my soul would
dismay,
I'll follow my Savior, though I cannot
see;
My trust is in Jesus, He'll take care of
me.

CHORUS.

I'll follow my Saviour, where e're it
may be;
My trust is in Jesus, He'll take care of
me.

When often before me, in sorrow and
care,
And burdens too great for my spirit
to bear,
I'll roll them on Him who can give lib-
erty,
My trust is in Jesus, He'll take care of
me.

—Chorus.

When friends of the sunshine grow cold
in the shade
I'll still have one friend so I'll not be
afraid;
He'll ever be with me though others
may flee,
My trust is in Jesus, He'll take care of
me.

—Chorus.

Soon life with its sorrows, with me will
be past.
But I'll follow Jesus by faith to the last
And still I'll keep shouting on death's
rolling sea,
My trust is in Jesus, He'll take care of
me.

—Chorus.

Count Your Blessing|

When upon life's billows you are temp-
est tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all
is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them
one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord
has done.

CHORUS.

Count your many blessings, name them
one by one,

Count your blessings, see what God has
odne.

Count your many blessings, name them
one by one,

Count your many blessings, see what
God has done.

Are you ever burdened with a load of
care?

Does the cross seem heavy, you are
called to bear?

Count your many blessings, every
doubt will fly,

And you will be singing as the days
go by.

Chorus—

When you look on others with their
lands and gold,

Think that Christ has promised you his
wealth untold.

Count your many blessings, money can-
not buy

Your reward in Heaven and your home
on high.

Chorus—

So, amid the conflict, whether great or
small,

Do not be discouraged, God is over all.

Count your many blessings, Angels will
attend.

Peace and comfort give you to your
journey's end.

Dare To Do Right.

Dare to think while others scorn,
Daring words your thoughts express,

Dare to rise, though oft cast down,
Dare the wronged and scorned to
bless.

CHORUS.

Do what conscience says is right,
Do what reason says is best,

Do with all your heart and mind,
Do your duty and be blest.

Dare from customs to depart,
Dare the priceless pearl possess,

Dare to wear it next your heart,
Dare while others curse to bless.

Chorus—

Dare forsake what you deem wrong,
Dare to walk in wisdoms ways,

Dare to give where gifts belong,
Dare God's presence to obey.

Chorus—

Keep Step in the March.

Keep step in the march for truth and
right;

Keep step in the march, keep step.
Be strong in the strength of the love,

our might;
Keep step in the march, keep step.

Chorus:

Keep step, keep step; keep step in the
march, keep step;

Turn never aside, but with zeal and
pride,

Keep step in the march, keep step.

Keep step in the front of the moving
line;

Keep step in the march, keep step;
Keep step where the cross is the blaz-
ing sign;

Keep step in the march, keep step.

Chorus:

Keep step with a tread that is firm and
true;

Keep step in the march, keep step;
There's need in the ranks of the Lord
for you;

Keep step in the march, keep step.

Our Nation's Banner.

Grandier than all the banners of the
world,

Flag of Columbia where'er 'tis un-
furled;

Standing for human right on island and
o'er sea,

Brave champion of the oppressed, Em-
blem of Liberty.

Chorus:

Hail to the flag, wherever it may be;
From every foe defend its majesty;

Raise it on high, that all the world
may see

Old Glory, waving flag of the free.

No North, no South, no east, no glow-
ing west,

Shall e'er again be known when an-
swering its behest;

All are united now as in the days of
yore,

When our pilgrim fathers stood upon
the goodly shore.

Chorus:

God of our fathers by whose guiding
hand
Freedom, prosperity, have blessed our
glorious land.
Inspired with love of truth, justice, hu-
manity,
Oh grant the nations round the boom of
Liberty.

The Poor Old Tramp.

I'm only a poor old wanderer;
I have no place to call my home;
No one to pity me, no one to cheer me,
As friendless and sadly I roam.

(Chorus, same as first verse.)

I tramp, tramp along, though I'm
weary;
No rest through the long, long day;
Through the rain and the snow I must
tramp to and fro,
For I've no place in shelter to stay.

Chorus:

Long ago I was cheerful and happy,
With dear loving friends ever near;
But now they are gone and I'm left all
alone,
With no one my pathway to cheer.

Chorus:

I'm only a poor old wanderer,
I have no place to call my home;
No one to pity me, no one to cheer me,
As friendless and sadly I roam.

Old Massa Lincoln.

These eyes am growin' old and dim,
Dis wool am white as snow,
And these poor old limbs kin scarcely
move along,

But before anoder winter comes dis
old man's bound to go
Where de angels sing de hallelujah
song,

The joy dat rises in dis breast am
free from mortal view.

'Tis a feelin' dat de white folks can't
understand,

But when I get to Hebbin's gate and
Peter lets me frou,

I'll take old Massa Lincoln by de
hand.

CHORUS.

Yes, Lord, I'se a-comin', Massa Lincoln,
way up dar,

He's de eagle, and de flag am in his
hand,

When I hear the eagle cry, Bless the
Lord, I'se gwine ter die,

And I'll take old Massa Lincoln by
de hand.

Fo' many long and weary years,

Befo' de Yankees came,

I had toiled beneath de sun in Ten-
nessee,

O, how de darkies shouldted when
dey heard dem beaten drums,

Fo' we knowed fo' sure we's gwine to
be set free,

But when the proclamation came, we
all got down and prayed,

And we asked de Lord to bless dat
good old man,

And I know dat when I meet him in
dat land so far away,

He'll let de old man take him by de
hand.

CHORUS.

Den blow the bugle, Gabriel,

And call this old man home,

Kase I'm tired libin' in this world of
sin,

And I want to get to Hebben and no
more on earth to roam,

Where I'll neber feel these woes and
aches agin.

And when I get inside de gate I'll
go right out and hunt

All other Hebben's bright and flowery
land.

And when I see dat good old man
I'll march right up to him

And I'll take ole' Mass Lincoln by de
hand.

Chorus:

The Letter Edged in Black.

I was standing by my window yester'
morning,

Without a thought of worry or of
care,

When I saw the postman coming down
the pathway,

With such a happy smile and jaunty
air.

Oh, he rang the bell and whistled while
 he waited,
 And then he said, "Good morning to
 you, Jack."
 But he little knew the sorrow that he
 brought me,
 When he handed me a letter edged
 in black.

Chorus.

As I heard the postman whistling yes-
 ter morning,
 Coming down the pathway with his
 pack,
 Oh, he little knew the sorrow that he
 brought me,
 When he handed me a letter edged in
 black.
 Then with trembling hands I took the
 letter from him:
 I broke the seal and this is what it
 said:
 "Come home, my boy, your poor old
 father wants you,
 Come home, my boy, your mother
 dear is dead.

Oh, your mother's words, the last she
 ever uttered
 Were, "Tell my boy I want him to
 come back."
 My eyes are blurred, my poor old heart
 is breaking
 While I'm writing you this letter
 edged in black.

Chorus.

Oh, I bow my head in sadness and in
 sorrow,
 The sunlight of my life it now has
 fled,
 Since the postman brought that letter
 yester morning,
 Saying: "Come, my boy, your mother
 dear is dead."
 Oh, it said: "Forgive the angry words
 'twere spoken,
 You know I never meant them, don't
 you, Jack?
 Oh, the angels bear me witness, I am
 asking
 Your forgiveness in this letter edged
 in black."

Chorus.

Fourth Edition.

DECEMBER, 1905,

Five years have passed since my last writing, at the close of the year, 1900. From that time to the close of the year, 1905, I shall take up the matter from my reference sheets, which at the time all important things was noted. It is the object of my book to give the reader a line of references which will be I trust interesting, showing by this, what a blind man's life is to himself and to others. While God has given me strength to continue in my work from

year to year, it is also evident that the end will come by and by.

In the past five years I have formed many new acquaintances and have met with a number of new and strange experiences, and with some of these it required much of the grace of God to overcome what we might call trials. But being fortified by the spirit of truth and for the 'right, I have trusted in the promises of God and went forth in his name, was brought through safe with victory

in my hand. When I look back over what I have passed through while traveling in the darkness, and for years alone, it is truly the hand of God that has led me on and kept me from the devouring hand to which I was subject to. Liberty Center, Ohio, is still my home and I go out on my entertainment trips, and when weary and tired of the road, return to my wife and home. My companion, who has taken her share of the burdens and cares, still suffers under its great responsibility. Her health will not permit her to travel with me, therefore I am compelled to go alone.

In the early part of the year 1901, I called on my old friend, D. E. Meek, in Paulding county, where I done some work, using his rig and Will Woolf as driver. The home of D. E. Meek has been my stopping place many times before and after this period. I used the Lambert school house on this occasion, S. E. Hedrick was the teacher at the time and rendered me good service, I stopped over night with Frank Swary, who with his kind wife and children caused me to feel very welcome in their home. Here I met George Schifferley, who bought a book from me. Leaving Paulding county, came back to West Hope Henry county, where I was dated and where I met many friends whom I had met there several times before. The people of West Hope always welcomed my coming among them. I here visited my sister and family, Mrs. David Poats.

On the nineteenth of February I left home, stopping in Toledo in the interest of my book, then to Columbus, where I met many friends, among whom was Mrs. Kate Hagans,

who was in the hospital, and had just passed through a critical operation with the best results. It was wonderful what has been accomplished in those operations. I remembered the days when Kate had visited me when I lay in the hospital, doomed for disappointment, for I was not so fortunate as she was; for my hopes were that I would be made to see, but these were blighted in total darkness. I then stoped in Newark, Ohio, a few days among friends, and then to Coshocton, stopping with my brother David and family, and after visiting with my father a few days, and other dear friends in Coshocton county, and holding a number of entertainments in the county, meeting many of the old friends heretofore mentioned in my book, I returned to Newark, O., where I made my headquarters with my cousin, Sam Hagans. Here I would go out in different directions from Newark to hold my entertainments. The towns of High Water, Appleton and Claylick was among the places I used. Meeting again many friends, stopping with Brothers Jacob Solinger of Highwater, J. S. Montgomery of Appleton and Will Mason of Claylick, also meeting the people at Carmel church and stopping with Brother Lampton and family. While in Newark the homes of Mrs. Motes and B. F. Bower was opened for my benefit and a social gathering of the friends until the homes were filled making the occasion a very pleasant one and profitable to me as well. As I have already stated I had made my cousin's home' my headquarters and was pleasantly entertained by all. A sad accident occurred at this home of my cousin's a few days after I left

for my home. Sallie, the good house wife, while preparing the evening meal for her husband who was employed as motorman, she undertook to start the fire in the cook stove with coal oil, pouring it from the can in which she had just procured two gallons of oil in it, there must have been some fire in the stove, for the can of oil exploded and burned her to death. She got out on the street and ran about fifty feet when she dropped dead. Poor woman, little did I think she would be called so soon and in that way, when I left her home but a few days before. How many lives are lost in similar ways, and yet people will not take warning. It also shows the importance of being ready to meet death any way it comes. Death comes to us all, it is something we must expect, and we never know just when and how; but as there was a door that let us into this world, there is also a door to let us pass out. Be ye also ready, say the Lord.

After remaining at home for a few days I went into Seneca county, doing some work in Tiffin, O., with Clyde Vencamp acting as guide for me in that place. I was received at Betsville, O., Rev. J. Snodgrass was pastor at the time, stopping with J. W. Smith, who was keeping the Betsville hotel, here I met Dr. G. W. Williard and others who encouraged my effort and crowned it with success, this being the second time I had met the people at Betsville, O. The people at Helena welcomed me again, which was shown in their coming out to the church on that stormy, rainy night. Here I met Rev. M. Snook, a worthy brother in the cause for the master. Bergoone was my headquarters, it be-

ing a more central point, the comfortable homelike hotel, conducted by J. A. Walette and wife, who with their kind manners and good living makes one feel at home with them; with their influence, and Brother G. E. Wise, I was permitted to use the Evan church on May 28, 1901. The night was a rainy one and bad for the people to get out, but notwithstanding there was a few came out, and it was not a failure after all. The towns of Amsdan, Kansas, and Cromers were connected with this trip. D. Kunkelman of Amsdan and Mr. Sprout of Kansas furnished me with comfortable quarters while in those places, Mr. I. Barto of Cromers and J. W. Walters of Fesel also received me in their homes while stopping in their communities. Among those who met and favored my effort was G. W. Shaul, J. F. Zeis C. H. Zeis and J. Waller of Linden. This closed my dates at this time in Seneca county, and returning home by the way of Toledo, where I transacted business with Peter McCormick, dealer in music, and who always keeps a fine line of these goods, and his clever way of dealing, causes one after dealing with him once, to always go to him thereafter, and A. D. Pelton, Job printer, who had about this time completed the printing of my book, in Toledo, O., reaching home about June 8. June 26 I made another trip, this time making Adrian, Mich., headquarters, and stopping with an old friend and neighbor, John Batdorff, to say they made me feel at home with them, is scarcely giving the matter force enough, for no one could have had a better time than I did while remaining in this home. After arranging

my dates in a number of small towns around about Adrian, I went back to my headquarters and remained over the Fourth of July. I will not soon forget the pleasant hours spent in the home of J. B. The town of Blissfield gave me a date, but was not a success, therefore I would have been out of pocket had it not been for the kind hoscpitality of Mr. Coone, who kept the hotel at that time. Rev. Nice was favorable to my work and Brother Casper Moore, of Riga, helped me arrange a date at that place in the church, which proved a success. Palmyra gave me a date, but no hearing, the night was against me there, I met H. H. Atwell and W. H. Rogers. Dearfield and Petersburg were my next dates. Both places gave me a respectable hearing. I stopped at Dearfield with J. C. Hayes, who run the hotel,, and I stopped over Sunday with him. And while in Petersburg I stopped with Gus Hochradel and was well provided with comfortable quarters, here I met several brothers of my order, K. O. T. M. Clayton was my next point, stopping with James Callahan. Here I met Rev. Feas, M. E. pastor, and Rev. Gerlack, P. P., who encouraged the effort, using Brother Gerlack's church; M. D. Harrison, ticket agent, and F. W. Fashbaugh, I formed the acquaintance while at Clayton. I then stopped at Cadis, a small station west of Adrian, and found a well working hive of the K. O. T. M., and was well received at this place, stopping with Gust Humphrey. North Grange hall gave me a very good hearing. My friend, Mr. Batdorff, drove me out from Adrin to the hall. His daughter Blanch was one of the company. I

left Adrian and my old friend's home, July 15, and stopped at the town of Morenci. I did not meet expenses at Morenci, but met some who was very kind to me, among those was E. L. Acker and Fred Simpson. From there I went to Leipsic, O., and east three milles to the home of Henry Imhoff's. I had just reached their home a few minutes when a severe storm of rain and wind swept over that country, and a good deal of damage was done to property and crops. The Zion church was opened to me, and the church at Town Wood and Bellmore also received me, and while my crowds was not large, it was a success at all of those points. In the months of August and September several places out from my home was dated, among those was the Olive Branch C. U. church and bethel, Fulton Union and Rakars Union, Ai, Lukes Corners, Mt. Pleasant, Sina and Bula churches. All giving me a respectable hearing, and as those places all had opened their doors for me two or three times before, this was a token of their good wishes to my welfare. The C. U. church at Chiloh also was among the number who received me. Rev. A. F. Frye, pastor at this time at the church at Lukes Corners, rendered me good service and strengthened the effort at that place. My nephew, Perry Guyer, was a stopping place while in the community of Lukes Corners, and Brother George Poates' was also a welcome resort while attending the dates at Sina and Bula churches. Hebron church was also opened, and the kind and benevolent people of that community has never failed to fill the house with those who appreciate our

coming, and insist on a date each year. God bless the people who have by word or deeds encouraged the work in which it has ben my lot to do. October 2, Clyde went into his school at Columbus, O., I went with him as far as Toledo, when we separated I went to Grand Rapids, O., where I began to arrange a group of dates in and about that place. This was a territory that I had traveled over several times before and many of my old friends was ready to greet me again. The towns of Waterville, McClure, West Hope, Grelton and Malinta was included with Grand Rapids and other churches in the country. This made a pleasant trip for me as it was among my wife's people and also one of my sisters, so while using this territory I spent some time visiting with friends, and as my dates were close, the distance between places only being a few miles, My crowds were not large but quite respectable, and not a failure to report on this trip. The towns of Hamler, New Bavaria, Pleasant Bend, Northcreek, Wisterman, Continental and Miller City was arranged for my coming, also using the Church of God, near the home of John Comings, north west of Holgate. Brother and Sister Comings made me welcome in their home. While in that section, the Wesley M. E. church was also opened to me, and a good crowd was present. The home of Peter Noirod was headquarters for me while working around in that section of the country. Peter was the boy mentioned before who had made his home with me at one time, but now he had a fine home, with all the comforts to make a home pleasant. His wife Marie left nothing un-

done to show that my presence was a welcome in their home, and his friendly old mother and Johnny, who could not help showing that they were glad I was with them.

And my friend, Peter, felt he owed me for taking him in and caring for him when a poor, helpless boy, over 20 years ago, and he now availed himself of this first chance to repay me by helping me arrange my work among his many friends, and twice opened his home, and invited the entire neighborhood to come in for my benefit, and it was a success. After leaving his home I arranged my dates at the following places: Cloverdale, Mandale, Rose Elms, Grover Hill, Haveland, Scott and Blue Creek church. All those places gave me a hearing, and many became interested, to keep down my expenses, notwithstanding the effort was not without work and expense. I will here mention the names of a few who took an active part in my movement at the different places: At Cloverdale, Mrs. Jinkins and Mrs. Mons, where I was entertained; W. M. Bell, of Mandale, opened his hall free of charge; James Fridley and W. M. Adams also rendered good service with their willing hands and heart in the work. I stopped with Mr. C. Scott of Roseelms, merchant, and the people there received me galdly. Mrs. M. E. Myers, of Groverhill hotel, was my home while stopping in the place. I also met here O. T. Watson, teacher of the school there. The church was well filled at Groverhill. Joshuay Smith, of Haveland, was again ready to receive me in his home and church. Such noble men as Bro. Smith and his kind wife makes one feel at ease

in their presence, and surely in my case they were interested. O. W. Medaugh, the station agent, and others welcomed me there. Bro. Henry Slack, of Bluecreek Church, made the occasion a success at this place, and welcomed me again in his comfortable home. God bless Bro. Slack and family for their kindness and hospitality to me. At Scott, I stopped with a very dear friend, Rev. S. J. Colgan, pastor of the M. E. church at Scott. Many years we had been acquainted and shared each other's joys and sorrows, until we learned to know each other pretty well. Yes, I had a good reception in this home by him and his kind wife and children. Bro. Colgan left nothing unturned in his work to increase the interest for me. He is a jolly good fellow, and a sincere worker for the Master's cause. Leaving for home, I came by the way of Cecil, O., where I stopped off for a day, going out to the home of D. E. Meek. I would not dare to pass by him without stopping and reporting the events of my trip out. After comparing notes, I was again on my way home to meet loved ones there, who were waiting my arrival.

On the 11th of December I left home again on my closing trip for the year. I went out through Fort Wayne, Ind. Stopping and arranging a date at Arcola, here I met Rev. Foster, a very kind brother, who I took council, with regard to my plans. The home of August Romary was my abode over Sunday, and I have always remembered Bro. Romary and family as very kind friends, and the people of Arcola were in sympathy with my effort. This was manifest

by their presence, to come out from their warm and comfortable homes on a night like that was means something, for the mercury was 12 below that night. Larwill was my next date, stopping at the Young House. Dr. Marrs gave me some good references. I also formed the acquaintance of E. D. Dolson, of Valparaiso. Pierston was the next date, but on account of the stormy, cold night but few were able to get out, and the church could not be made warm enough to be comfortable, it being a very, very cold night. I met here two men, who, when boys, were raised up in the same neighborhood and went to the same schools. These were Cirenious Copland and Roy F. Almack. Was I not pleasantly surprised to meet them here and at this time? I stayed over night with Roy and Hester, his wife, and but little sleep that night was for us, for the night was too short to complete our visit, but as I was dated on ahead I had to take my departure the next morning. But the memory of those days is stamped for all time to come.

From Pierston I went to Inwood, stopping at the Carson house. S. A. Joyce and R. D. Stoler, the later being the agent at that station. My income at this place was small; the cold weather was against me on this trip. Atwood was my next town, stopping with Mr. Gault and C. Miller. At this place I met John Lutes and Will Darling. Mr. Darling was formerly of Coshocton county, Ohio, and the meeting was a pleasant surprise to us both.

Etna Green was my next on the list. I stopped with Samuel Melick, formerly of Knox county, Ohio, near Bladens-

burg. While we were not acquainted in Ohio, he knew all my people there, and we had quite a good visit together. He was in business at Etna Green. My house was filled with children on that night, and therefore my income was not large. This ended my work out for the year 1901, returning home December 21. I have here given the reader some idea of what a blind man can do if he tries.

The Beginning of the Year—1902.

In the early part of 1902 I did not go out far from home, but used churches and school houses, where I could drive out and back the same evening, and these places I had been before several times: Damascus School house and State School house and the Warner School house, all but a short distance out from Liberty. I had a date at the Orwig school house, north of Holgate, stopping with my nephew. V. B. Orwig. Monclova, Homewood and Gunn's School house, with other points near by, were dated, and which will be mentioned later as we come to them again, for all those places were regular appointments on my list of dates. In March of this year I received my first pension for the blind. A law was made in 1898 favoring the needy blind, with one hundred dollars a year. I was not informed of this appropriation for three years after its passage, therefore did not apply for it in the beginning. It was surely a blessing and a help to those of us who were struggling to support our homes and families.

When spring opened up I made a trip south and east, stopping in Columbus for a few days; then to Mt. Vernon, O., where I secured of Joseph

Murphy, of Brandon, his rig, a fine outfit for traveling. Uncle Joe, as he was better known, was my guide to arrange my dates at the following places in Knox county: Hunt's Station, Brandon, the Licking M. E. Church, the Congregational Church at Lock, Five Corners in Hall, Bangs M. E. Church. My second son, E. V., was then teaching the Mink Street School, and I stopped with him at his boarding place, George Shafner's. This made it pleasant for all. While stopping in Lock my home was with Washington Owings. Bro. Will Mitchell made quite an encouraging speech in my favor before the congregation, stating it should not be looked upon as benevolence, but for its actual merits. John Kennerd, at Five Corners, was my next stopping place. His aged father and mother also resided with him, and it was a pleasant time for us all. I furnished the music and they furnished the good things to eat. My nephew, J. B. Davis, met me at Bangs and took me to his home, where a good time and visit was enjoyed by all there. Howard, the Messiah D. C. Church and the Grove Church and D. C. Church at Bladensburg were my next group of dates. All these places had opened their doors to me a number of times before, but that ring of welcome came at every meeting. With the help and management of my friend and brother, Rev. Snider, the effort was made a success. Many others could here be mentioned—Arnold Nethers, Val. Woolf, Rash Core and W. M. Kemmer, all helped to move the work on in that section.

Walhonding was again visited by the writer. This point was the scene

of my boyhood days, and I still love to return to its hills and vales, and to meet the many relations still living in Coshocton county, O. Among the many friends there to greet me with a welcome is my dear old father. While he leans upon his staff his heart goes out filled with gladness to meet me.

Martinsburg was headquarters for a while. Here I formed the acquaintance of Rey. L. O. Thompson, who proved himself to me a true Christian worker. We became fast friends, and his helping hand and influence made my work comparative easy in the surrounding country. He furnished me with his horse and buggy, and with Carl Vanvorious at the ribbons, acting as driver and guide, a number of dates were made at the following places: Mt. Pleasant Church gave me a good hearing. Bro. Perry Billman rendered me the service I needed while in that community, and transferred me to Fallsburg, a small inland town. Here I put up with Jessie Davenson. The crowd at Fallsburg was small, but good order and attention were proof that it was appreciated.

I visited in the home of Perry Cullison, a son of John M. Cullison. While I did not remember him, I was personally acquainted with his many relatives, who lived in a settlement in Coshocton county, known as Cullison Ridge. A very pleasant time was spent with him and family. While at Fallsburg I was called to the phone to play and sing a song to a friend of Mr. Davenson residing at Frampton, G. W. Chapin, and a date was arranged with him over the phone for me to come to that place, which I did; but on the night of my date

there a heavy electric storm swept over that country and only a few got out to the church. The announcement was made for a later date, and when we had gathered in the church this time the house was crowded, when again we were struck by another storm, such as causes one to feel uneasy, but no harm came to us. By chance I met Archa Little, who, by the way, was a cousin to my first wife ;also George Chapin was of the same relationship. Bro. Anderson gave me a home with him while in that section. I have a kind remembrance of the people throughout that neighborhood. Rockyfork Church was opened to me, and Bro. Jacob Miller took me in his home. His wife being dead, Miss Atta Billman was his housekeeper. Atta is a pleasant girl and a worker in the church and Sunday school. Bro. Miller was one of those Christ-like Christians who turns no one away from his home or church, but always ready to lift up the fallen. His sons were fine young men, and have the same spirit of kindness as that of their father. Bro. David Moran is another pillar of the church at Rockyfork. He transferred me to the Eden Church to the home of R. E. Bodle.

The people at Eden and the Bell churches received me cordially, and while the crowds were not large at either place, that spirit was shown that they were pleased by the vote of thanks and requesting me to come again. The home of Peter Vanwinkle was where I was entertained, and it was my good fortune to be received in such homes as this. My friend and brother, L. O. Thompson, who had worked up the interest at

his home church in Martinsburg, was then ready for me and proved a success. While stopping in the home with Bro. Thompson I was favored to hear the boy preacher of 8 years old from Putnam county, Ohio. I do not remember his name, but he did remarkably well for a child. I was loath to leave my brother and the many friends I had learned to know and love at Martinsburg, but as other points were waiting my coming, I took my departure. Rev. C. A. Gardner, who had arranged my date at his church, at Owl Creek; the night brought out a full house, and all were pleased and requested me to come again. Bro. Gardner transferred me to the Fairview Church, B. O. Lohr. My entertainment at this place was well attended, and I think good impressions were made.

Returning to Mt. Vernon, O., I visited friends for a few days. While here I had my headquarters with my brother-in-law, J. L. Devault, located close to the Coxy plant, and while their house was filled with boarders from the plant, there was always room for one more when I came. Frank Jones, a brother-in-law to Coxy, made me a handsome cash donation. On leaving Mt. Vernon I went to Black Run and Perryton and Wilkins Corners. L. J. Hessin of Black Run, Mr. Wright of Perryton and Charles Ridenbaugh of Wilkins were the homes in which I was entertained. Rev. Meek of Perryton greatly favored my effort in that place. Going out through Newark, O., I stopped off over night to visit my cousin, S. M. Hagans, at his boarding place, J. B. Hershberger's, on Church street. Had a very pleasant

time and was well entertained. On June 10, 1902, I arrived in Columbus, O., and attended the closing concert at the O. S. S. B., after which my son and I returned home to Liberty Center, O.

While at home, Clyde assisted me in a few entertainments close by. We made a trip to Monclova and Neopolis, and also to Mt. Pleasant Church, in the country. This trip out, though short, was one not to be forgotten soon, on account of its oddity and tedious waiting for trains and rigs to be transferred from one place to the other. Think of us sitting on store boxes at a station five or six hours, waiting for something to come our way to move us on, and the temperature 98 in the shade! However, relief came at last, and we moved out where mosquitoes were more plentiful and larger. Emmet, Paulding county, gave us a full house. You will remember that is the home of my friend, D. E. Meek, and with his shoulder and heart and hand placed to the wheel, it would move, and did move our way.

On July 19, 1902, Clyde and I reached Mt. Vernon, O. Knox and Coshocton counties were the chosen territory for Clyde's vacation, it being among our many friends and kindreds. While in Knox county we arranged dates at Sunberry and Burkshire. We did not meet expenses at Sunberry, but had a respectable income at Berkshire. Here we stopped in the home of Mrs. Frost. This brings the memories of other days, when I had been called to that home to sing and play for her husband, who was then near onto death; and how he did enjoy the songs! Mt.

Liberty and Centerburg were our next dates. At Mt. Liberty we met with a little jar in our plans, some religious crank interfering and saying if the church was opened to us that he would have his name taken from the church book. While I was informed by friends of the situation and that the church would be opened just the same, I advised them not to, and the Middleton hall was opened free and a good crowd was present. We stopped with Mrs. Updike. Rev. Edwards of Centerburg received us kindly in his church at that place; the crowd was small here. Henry Hicks, who kept the hotel there, entertained us most comfortably. On our way out into Coshocton county we stopped off at Brink Haven with J. K. Butler, whose doors are always open to us. Jim and Della Knowl how to entertain their friends and to have a good time.

Walhonding, Warsaw and Tunnel Hill were our next dates, and it being among our relations, a good income was realized, and the enjoyment with these friends was the pleasant part of Cylde's vacation. Were I to mention all the names of those we met in this section, it would almost fill my book. So I will leave the reader with the knowledge that we were there just the same, and as we may have to relate other visits to this country and people, we will take our departure homeward by the way of Columbus and Toledo, O.

After hearing that we were home again, our friends called for us to come to Hebron and Skates, where they met us in large numbers with that kind of a welcome that makes one feel content.

I made my next trip out alone, going into Putnam county and Auglaize county. Cloverdale and Roseelm were again used by the writer, after which I went to St. John, where I had the pleasure of stopping with my friend there, Bro. Jed Allen, using the M. E. church there and C. U. church at Woolf Creek. I was entertained at the home of Bro. John Campbell at Woolf Creek. God blessed my effort at both places. On leaving that section I went to the home of Bro. W. S. Whetstone, near Buckland, O. In this section arrangements were made for me to meet the people, New Bethlehem, Antioch C. U. Church, Zion Church, and at Buckland in hall. Bro. Whetstone furnished me with rig and driver, and I was driven out and back each evening. The people at all these points received my work reverently and liberally, making the income among the best received for many days. I will have occasion to mention this section of country again; I will omit further statements for a later date. I was loath, however, to leave Bro. Whetstone and family, who had been so kind to me; but, leaving their home, I was received into the home of Henry Sites of Buckland, and the way the people received me at Buckland was proof enough that they were in sympathy with my work. Dingleddang, J. Wheeler and Mayor S. W. Jones all used their influence for me and my work. Sante Fe C. U. church was next used, and, going by the way Wapakoneta, I was entertained at the Up-to-Date hotel, managed by A. Steinberg. I was informed by him that all attention and care should be given to me and would be the compliments of the house. Yes,

I was pleasantly surprised. Rev. Kennedy's, of Santefee, was my home while there. This church was one of those where my brother, J. B. Hagans, had preached for years, and his many friends in and around Santefee came to hear my songs and music, and I had quite a hearing, notwithstanding the night was a rainy one. Newhampton was the next date. Here the night was so bad that but few could get out, but it was not a failure after all. My expenses were nothing while there with H. J. Wagstaff, a K. O. T. M. brother, and it was in the tent at that place where I was received. Bethel church was opened to me, and a good crowd was present. After this I returned home. A few days later Clyde and I went into Fulton county, where arrangements were made for us at Luke's Corners and Pleasant, or Mt. Pleasant, churches, by Perry Guyer, which were also successes at both places. On the 22nd of November we went to Columbus, O. The O. S. S. B. was late to open school this year on account of some repairs, which were done there to improve the comfort and health of the school. Clyde now entered his school and I went out from Columbus into Fairfield county. Thurston, Baltimore, Pleasantville, Breman, Rushville and Bossel were dated for me. I stopped over Sunday near Pleasantville with Dan Huffman, a cousin to my wife, but whom I had never met before. I enjoyed myself with this kind family. I also met here his brother, John, and a sister living in Pleasantville, Mary Friend. W. M. Hartman, Dr. E. M. Heston, E. H. Leitnaker and W. M. Shafer all rendered me service at Thurston. W. M. Buchanan of Bal-

timore, who keeps an up-to-date hotel, was my home while in that town, and with his jolly, good-natured way one feels that his object is to make everybody who stops at this house a welcome guest.

Leaving Baltimore for a time, I arranged dates at Bebron. Kirksville, and Wagram. All these points were well represented. I met P. O. Priest, a traveling agent for the Columbus Dispatch, who gave me some valuable information on the location of towns. Rev. J. B. Gresser of Wagram I found to be my friend in the work in which I was engaged. D. F. Logan entertained me at Wagram. The B. P. church at Kirksville was well filled and a good feeling was manifest. New Salem also gave me a good hearing on Sunday evening, November 30. Bro. I. W. Holt, Bro. Ortman, P. M. and Dr. Arnold all were my helpers at the front at New Salem. O. L. G. Smith entertained me at New Salem. Brice was stirred up by the Macabees, and their tent opened free to receive me. With Sir Knight O. M. Cook, agent at Brice, Paterson entertained me while there. Our meeting at Brice was a success indeed. Leaving Brice and my many friends, I went to Jacksonville, O., where I arranged for a date, stopping at the Kempton hotel. Here I met C. W. Stewart, a brother of J. T. Stewart of Columbus, whose wife is my cousin. Mr. C. W. Stewart here took an active part in my affairs, and among his many friends raised me a respectable cash donation aside from the proceeds of the evening.

Chauncy was my next town. Was entertained at the home of Miss Emma Cootes. W. T. Sprague, P. M. and

Ed. Brown, operator, arranged for me at Chauncy in the K. O. T. M. tent. I found the brotherhood in this tent living workers to their obligations and order, and my work in Chauncy won for me many friends, and for whom I have a place in memory not easily to be forgotten.

Trimble was my next town. W. M. Johnston and S. J. Denford and C. H. Pettit opened the way for me at Trimble, using the P. P. church two nights. I here met and stopped with, while in Trimble, H. D. Lefever, who was one of the unfortunate blind. Two years before this meeting with him he was in a mine explosion and lost his eyes and one hand, and a very close call for his life; but I found this brother quite cheerful and, with the help of his wife and mother, was doing business, keeping a restaurant and boarding house. He was anxious to learn the point print system of writing, and an outfit was secured. I gave him instructions, and in a little while he was able to write and read by touch, notwithstanding he had only the one hand to do it. This is proof again that where there's a will there's a way. R. S. Dent, of Millfield, arranged for me there, but smallpox breaking out prevented me and I did not go to Millfield. Albany was my next town, stopping with L. D. Gillogley. Rev. Kirkpatrick was a friend to me there and arranged for me in his church, which would have been a grand success had it not rained on the night I was there, and the crowd was small to what was expected. On the following morning, December 11, 1902, I started homeward, reaching Liberty Center the next morning at 12 o'clock.

In the early part of the year 1903 I visited the home of Henry Imhoff, near Ayersville, Defiance county, Ohio. Here I first met Jacob Steingas and wife and Mrs. Elizabeth Ashton, and a date was arranged at the church in Ayersville, where I was met by a good audience, and later met at the home of Mrs. Ashton her friends, where we enjoyed the evening very much. Songs and music were rendered and refreshments served, and a respectable donation was declared mine. I called on my old friend, D. E. Meek, who was having a sale and was going to leave the farm, and did for one year; but finding no better place after searching over the wild west, came back to the same farm and settled down, contented. Henry C. Woodring's home, near Camden, Mich., was my next headquarters. Rev. Mount arranged for me in his church in Camden, and I was entertained at the hotel by Mrs. B. B. Black. I met with the Ladies' Congress meeting, near South Camden, and the occasion was enjoyed by all. The Bula church was opened to me, also the M. E. church at Montgomery. Here I was entertained at the Gilbert house over Sunday. My income at these points was not large, but as I was kept off expense while in this section, left me with quite a nice little margin.

Rev. L. A. Miller, of Reading, arranged for me in his church there, but it being on a wet, stormy night, not many could attend the entertainment. A date at the Willits School house was made and a respectable crowd was present. I stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Urias Woodring, formerly of Paulding county. I enjoyed my

stay with them very much, and was loath to leave their home when I did. Ray, Ind., was my next town, and with the help of Rev. C. M. Smith, whom I found to be a true Christian brother, and who received me in his home and church with all respect to my work. However, my crowd was small at Ray, but Bro. Smith raised among his many friends a handsome cash donation. He then conveyed me to my next appointment at California, where the people turned out well. Here I was entertained by F. L. Norton. Leaving there, I went to Fremont, Ind., but as there were other attractions on the street that evening, I did not have a hearing at the church, stopping at the Wiser house, entertained free, and a cash donation, given by the employes of the house.

South Milford, Lagrange county, Indiana, was headquarters while I arranged my next group of dates, stopping with George Lovett, L. L., where I was well entertained. My entertainment was very well attended in the church at South Milford on Sunday evening, May 3, 1903. I feel sure that I have many true friends in South Milford, Ind. Woodruff was my next appointment. I was entertained in the home of Mrs. Sarah Smith. Henry Eshelman had the church opened and ready for me, and all expressed themselves pleased with the songs and music rendered by the writer. Miss Minnie—or Mamie—Smith was my guide to the home of A. M. Patten at Valentine, where Rev. A. L. Weaver and James McKibben's help and presence made the effort at Valentine a success. The Calvary church was opened for my

date there and I met many good people at Calvary. I was entertained in the home of J. F. Eshelman.

I stopped with George Gage of Plato and Dr. George Talmage of Brushy Prairie. Both places gave me respectable audiences. Stroh was my next town. Here I met Rev. Johnston, George Temple and C. H. Freaby. All took an active part to make my effort a success, and it was well attended. There is quite an enterprise at Stroh. This is, where they manufacture cement, and it makes the town quite a business place. I was well received at Stroh.

Salem Center was next arranged. Here I met Marvin Butler and Adam Shaffstall, who arranged for me on Sunday evening in the church at Salem Center. I was well entertained and received at Salem Center. Helmer was next, which was arranged for the Church of God, Rev. Tatman, pastor. He being absent at the time, my date was arranged with the church board; but he returned before I was to be there, and he declared I should not use the church for my entertainment, and made that announcement, setting a date for himself to preach in the church on that same evening. But Bro. M. F. Shade, L. H. Deal and others were not going to let the reverend gentleman run the town, so the K. of P. hall was opened for me, and I was received by the brotherhood. I was also informed that while the reverend pastor held the church, I had the crowd. This difficulty was overcome and victory again was mine through the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom I trusted. I here received a call from my friend and brother, Rev. C. T.

Payne, to come to Decatur county, Indiana, to help in a ten days' meeting in his church near his home, which I did, and we had as good a meeting as was possible; the storms and rain hindered it, and the people could not get out to the church every night on the account of rain.

While at Bro. Payne's, and after the meeting had closed, he assisted me in arranging dates at the following churches: Craigville, Pleasant Mills, Honduras, or Zion, Wilshire, O., and Salem, Ind. At Craigville I was entertained by Frank Hower. Rev. J. H. Carey, Bro. Piles and Bro. Miller all helped to make the entertainment a success at Craigville. We had a respectable turnout at Pleasant Mills, stopping with John Trotner, who was my helper at that place, and I was well entertained in his home. At Zion, Bro. George Houk and Bro. Peas rendered good service for me at Zion church. In company with my friend, C. T. Payne, drove to his home.

At Wilshire my crowd was not large, but appreciative. I was conveyed to this point from Jerry Archa's home, where I spent a very enjoyable time. The church at Salem was well filled and all reported well pleased. I formed the acquaintance of many kind friends while in the home of Bro. C. T. Payne. He was blessed with good neighbors and they were all good to me. John Myers, W. M. Arnold, Joseph Shilling and many others will long be remembered by me for their acts of kindness and donations. The home of J. R. Graber was visited by the writer, and, by the way, this home was a home for Decatur county. I always had a sort

of dread for such a home, but I found out here that it was not such a bad place after all; and I was loath to leave it when I did. Bro. Graber and family know just how to treat people right; and under his supervision the farm was self-supporting. I furnished him with a number of door checks, which were placed on the heavy doors of the institution, and hope they have proved a success, as they have at other places. The family and inmates of this home enjoyed my songs and music very much. I took my departure from Bro. Payne's home, where I had been so kindly treated by all the family and the many friends I had learned to know and love, and once more returned to my home in Liberty Center, O. Rev. A. F. Light, of Attica, arranged for Clyde and I in his churches, and Rev. W. R. Arnold, of Tiffin, O., opened his church and home to receive us in Tiffin. We did not have a very large attendance at Tiffin, but were cared for up to date by Bro. Arnold. Attica, and Bethel, a church in the country, gave us a very good hearing. Here the church received half of the proceeds, through Rev. Light, the first thing of this kind that had ever occurred, but I guess the church there was in need of help too. We sang at the M. P. church in Attica, at a union service on Sunday evening, and a good collection was given, which was not divided. We were entertained fine at the Gibson house in Attica, O. From there we went by the way of Bucyrus and Lima to Buckland, O., and to the home of W. S. Whetstone. Dates were made in the churches at Germany, Cosuth,

Bethlehem, Antioch, Buckland and Cridersville.

Our stay at Bro. Whetstone's was too short. To say we had a good time would be using the term softly; and Clyde more than showed the pleasure he took in the buggy rides and horseback rides he took while at Bro. Whetstone's. Then we also had the pleasure of meeting my brother, J. B. Hagans, and heard him preach at Bethlehem. We were all right at home there, and at Cridersville we stopped with David Barton, a cousin by marriage, and were well entertained in their home.

Wood county was our next field of work among our many friends and relations. The Dewece church, the Gill church, the Plane church and School house No. 16 were opened for us, and we had good meetings at them all. The Dewece church and East Beaver Creek church gave us a full house. We stopped in the home of Perry Guyer. Custer and West Hope were dated for our coming, and we were well received there, as we always have been, it being several times we had been billed there before. My sister, Mrs. Poates, and family were visited near West Hope. We have taken the reader briefly over the ground we have traveled, but were we to stop and relate all that comes in our mind we would not get to the end of this book for some time to come. But this refers to the many places that have received our work, and the effort it took to do this without sight was not all fun.

McClure, Grand Rapids, Grelton and the Olive Branch churches opened their doors us for, and a good

attendance was given us at each place.

On August 20 we attended a Sunday school convention held in the Carsons Grove. We also took part in the song service, and we were rewarded by a good collection, managed by Bro. J. T. Winup, who is a Sunday school worker, and for the Church he is alive to the Master's cause.

On about September 15, 1903, I purchased a Blickendurfer typewriter and began to learn to write on it. It was so simple in its construction that it was not long before I could write on it fairly well.

Defiance, O., gets headquarters for a while, stopping at the Coningham house and Rev. C. A. Row's. Securing a rig from Jones' barn, and with George Crumly as guide, I arranged Oakland chapple, stopping with Lewis Siterly, with a good attendance at the church. At Junction my attendance was small. Dr. D. M. Millholland was my principal manager there, stopping with Mrs. Mary A. Rose and Harry Navau. Bethel Church East was my next date and had a good collection on Sunday night, stopping in the home of Brother John McCague, October 4, 1903. Sheren chapple gave me a good attendance, stopping in the home of Bro. David Grant. Mt. Calvary church also gave a good hearing, with the best of satisfaction expressed by all present. Entertained in the home of G. T. Hill. My friend, Rev. C. A. Row, was present, it being one of his churches on the charge, and he took me to his home in Defiance. He had also arranged for me at another one of his churches, north of Defiance, O.,

at Salem chapel; but the evening was wet, which prevented the people getting to the church, and but a very few were present. But Bro. Row was not slack in his part toward me, and we surely had a good time together. Yes, and he often speaks in his joking way of that trip out through the Junction.

I will now relate some references out on my next trip. My first date was arranged at Perryville, O., near Loudenville. This place was a total failure. I stopped at J. Draper's hotel. The little town of Lucas, out from Mansfield, received me with a good attendance at the church. Mire's hotel. Rev. Charles Lathroppcon was their pastor and assisted me in my arrangements, and it was a success at Lucas. The town of Shreves and the Macabees of that tent did not give me a hearing at all, there being a free show in town on the same evening. I stopped at Yates' hotel and was well cared for.

At Nashville, the K. O. T. M. opened their tent for me and I was well received. I was entertained by Harmon Miley, who transferred me to Ripley chapel and to the home of C. S. Fouch. Lakeville was my next date, and I was entertained by Mrs. Emma Sherer. Big Peria was next, J. H. Emmons and Mrs. Ross, where I was well treated, and had a good turnout at the entertainment. Leaving this point, after arranging my dates at several places, which I will refer to later, I went into Cleveland, O., where I spent a very pleasant vacation for a few days with my sister, who lives in that city. It had been a long time since we had visited together, and we both enjoyed this

privilege very much indeed. When I left Cleveland and my sister I went to the little town of Clinton, stopping at C. P. Rees' hotel. C. S. Spangler and others at Clinton opened the K. O. T. M. tent to receive me. It was not very well patronized by the order there. Marshallville next, stopping at Mike Shondle's hotel. D. C. Cooper and others assisted to make it a success. At Marshallville the school house was used for my entertainment there. Applecreek was next on the list, and I was received with favor at that place. There I met J. Heller, agent, who favored my movement, also meeting Isaiah Keightley, blind, and W. B. Kirker of Rochester, N. Y., and Rev. C. D. Paterson of Cleveland, O.

At Holmesville, O., I stopped at Mrs. R. J. Miller's hotel. It rained at this place on the night of my date, and it was a failure.

I was entertained at the Berger house in Fredricksburg, O. Rev. Bird received me in his church on Sunday evening to a good attendance. Leaving Fredricksburg, I visited friends in Coshocton county, and while there dates were arranged at several places. Honey Run School house was my first date in that section at this time, and the one night's proceeds at Honey Run were equal to two or three nights where I had been before this. Riley's chapel, Wodds' church, Newcastle, Mohawk and Walhonding were all dated for me, and no failures can be reported in this section of the country among those of my many friends. This closed my work in this year, and I soon started for home by the way of Howard, Mt. Vernon, Columbus and Toledo. While there are many

pleasant memories of this year's work, yet it is not all fun by any means, and were it not for the trust I place in God I never could have endured what I was called on to pass through to provide for those who were depending on me.

There is not much to make note of during the winter, except a startling affair that almost made us homeless. On the morning of January 25 our house caught fire from an upper room, caused from a defective flue, and had it not been for the active and well-trained fire company we should have been homeless in a few minutes. In spite of their quick work, it destroyed a good portion of the house; and the weather being so cold and stormy, the repairs could not be done until late in March. This caused me to remain at home until late in April, when I left for Columbus, O.

While in Columbus I visited the homes of A. E. Springer and Will Hagans and others. Clyde, taking a few days' absence from school, went out with me to Thurston and Baltimore, Fairfield county, where we gave an entertainment at each place. We were entertained at the Folk house at Thurston, and with W. L. Bucannan at Baltimore. Billie knows just how to make one feel at home in his place of business, and all traveling men like to stop with him, inasmuch as he keeps a first-class, up-to-date hotel. We were also received in the churches with good attendance. Clyde returned to his school and I to New Albany, where he met me a week later, to assist me in an entertainment at that place on the 30th of April, 1904. We were entertained

here in the home of my nephew, Dr. Weaver. The doctor and family showed us a good time while with them, and the people of the town turned out well. Clyde again returned to his school from New Albany, and I, with the help of Dr. Weaver, arranged at several places not far out, which I will here mention—Central College, Ghana and Center Village. My income at these places was not large, but a good report came from each point. I was entertained by Charles Paterson, Dossens and C. Grove. From this section I went to Bell Point by the way of Columbus and Delaware, stopping in Bell Point with an aunt and uncle, Mary and H. J. Sperow. This home was headquarters for a week. I arranged another group of dates in and around Bell Point. I sang and played for the Arthbone Order in their lodge room by request of the order, and the U. B. church was also opened for me and a good attendance was present. Bell Point never failed to give me a good turnout and a hearty, welcome by all. Mill Creek chapel also gave me a good hearing and was well entertained at the home of Thomas Rumer, Springview church, near the Girls' Industrial home. The people in this section were not satisfied with one night, but requested the second night, which I gave, and feel sure I left the community with many warm friends to my work. I was cared for in the home of Oliver Robison, who also helped to make a success of my work in that community.

Jerome was my next date. Rev. T. M. Ricketts, pastor, who received me in his church and home. It was a crowded house on Sunday evening,

May 22. My income at Jerome was above the average. Bro. Rickets drove me to the town of Watkins and to the home of F. J. Hinterschied, where I was well cared for while in the place. A severe storm in the evening hindered me from having a full house, notwithstanding there were quite a few out just the same. Ostrander was next, and with the help of Rev. W. H. Baker and others it was hoped that a much larger crowd would have been present. I was well cared for in the home of Mrs. J. W. Downar's hotel. Brindle, or Union chapel, was my next date, but was disturbed by storm and rain. I put up with Bro. Jacob Ayres, where I was protected from the storm and was well cared for. I had a respectable crowd out to hear me at Warrensburg. Dr. McIntire opened his church for me and a very good crowd was present. I was entertained by Mrs. Emma Benton. At this point my brother, J. B. Hagans, met me and took me to his home at Magnetic Springs, where I enjoyed a pleasant visit with him and family. He had also arranged for me a date in the M. E. church at that place, and a good crowd was present. This implies that my income was also good. I stopped in the home of B. F. Williams in Delaware county, whose wife is a cousin to me, and had a good visit, while I filled an engagement at the River chapel. It was a wet evening for my date at River chapel, but the people came out just the same and a very respectable crowd was present. Bro. John Koch was one of my helpers at this point. Soon after I took my departure and went into Wyandot county, Ohio, going by the way of Upper Sandusky

and Kirby. Stopped in Kirby with J. B. Bremyer, Kirby hotel. Here I met Father Joseph Gerz, priest, who proved to be a friend to my effort by his liberal donation in cash, also in arranging for my date there. Bro. Bremyer started out with me to assist me in regulating dates at the Shiloh chapel and Wesley chapel and at York Street church. Making a date at each place, he left me in care of Rev. G. L. Mann, of York street. Bro. Dan Dubbs made the song service at Shiloh a grand success, and his home was a pleasant one for me. Bro. Wesley Keller's was another good home for me, and I was well received at all these church, with a good income for my labors. I visited the home of Uncle Ben Parsel, as he is known by that name, Uncle Ben. Leaving the good people of this section, I started for home to rest up for a few days.

On June 22, Clyde and I left home to spend his vacation among the friends in Coshocton and Knox counties, Ohio. We went to Walhonding by the way of Toledo and Mansfield, O. We got into Mansfield at about 12:40 a. m. and had to wait in the depot till 6:10 a. m. It was one of those damp, chilly nights, and there was no fire, and by the appearance of the cinders on the floor and seats had not been swept for at least a week. Well, we lived through it, but we shall avoid stopping at that place soon again. It was the bummiest depot that I had ever struck, and I had stopped in a good many. Well, we reached Walhonding and friends in safety, and while visiting among the large circle of friends we had dates arranged at a number of place that

made the trip not only a pleasure trip but a profitable one. Brother Will Fry, who managed our date at Tiverton Center, to furnish the music and songs for the Boxwell examination, and with his management it was the star income of the season. Walhonding, Nellie, Franklin Station, Cooperdale, Tunnel Hill, Mohawk, and New Castle was all blessed with our presence, and they in turn met us with a welcome. On the day following our arrival at Walhonding, June 24, was Clyde's seventeenth birthday, and his Aunt Al planned a surprise on him at their home, it was well planned, and it was not until quite a number of the young people of the neighborhood had gathered in, did he realize that it meant for him a time. Ice cream and cake was served and the evening was enjoyed by all. When the time came for our departure we had formally arranged our dates to stop at the following places: Woods Chapel, Maslah, Winding Fork, Framton, Falsburg, Rocky Fork, Purity and Martinsburg, which was a well planned trip, and no failures to be reported. Visiting a few days with my niece, Hester McCamment, near Hunts Station. We then went to Newark, stopping with friends there, and gave an entertainmet in the C. U. church in West Newark. We was met here by George Lampton who took us out to his home near the Carmel church, the church was opened for us and well filled with the good people of the neighborhood, also the church at Linville.

We believe we have many friends who would support our effort at all those places mentioned as often as

we would come to them, the calls we have to come back again, is one of the strong proofs that our work was well received. We then started homeward by the way of Columbus and Toledo. I wish to make mention of a purchase which Clyde made in a noted violin which he purchased of Charles Extine, his violin teacher in the institution, and also blind. This violin had a wide reputation in the school and on the outside for its strong, smooth, rich, round tone, and it was Clyde's good fortune to get it as his own, from his teacher who was interested in Clyde's welfare. On the trip that I have just related was the first he had used it outside of the school and his playing greatly attracted the public where he had the privilege to display his artistic movements on this noted instrument. On the 18th of August we again assisted in the music at the Sunday school convention held in Carson's Grove, south of Grand Rapids, Wood county, O.; also on the 25th, furnished the music for the Guyer reunion, at East Beaver Creek church; and the Shull school house, south of McClure, Henry county, arranged by Charles Nulton, was a success; and also the Kinzer school house in Paulding county, managed by our old friend, D. E. Meek, Sept. 29, Clyde entered his school at Columbus, O. I went with him to the city, and then went out to Mt. Sterling, O., where I spent a few days with my brother, Rev. C. M. Hagans, pastor at that place. Raymond, O., was my next headquarters, stopping at the Flickinger hotel. Here I met Brother Winter, Brother Roderick and Dr. Thompson, who all became interested in my effort in supporting myself, and

a date was soon fixed for me in the Christian church, their pastor being by the way my brother, J. B. Haggans, of Magnetic Springs, O. A date was fixed for me at Peoria U. B. church through Brother T. C. Danforth; Rev. S. A. Caris, of Raymond, who escorted me to Peoria and to the home of Brother B. R. Sudduth; J. H. Trickey, L. L., of Peoria. Leaving Peoria I went to East Liberty, stopping at C. W. Orahood's hotel.

Rev. G. L. Tennat had arranged for me in his church, Middleburg, was next. Stopping at J. J. Winthrode hotel, using the town hall in this place. While it was not a failure at those places here mentioned, yet the attendance was small at each place, it being fair week at Marysville, and the weather was cold and wet. Harrison Curl, hackman from Middleburg to East Liberty, rendered me good service. Dunkirk, O., was my next date. Stopping at the Gilford house. Arranged with Rev. Newcomb for his church. My date there was on the night of the great hunt, which was made by bloodhounds, for the arrest of thieves and robbers. There being several houses broken into, just previous to this, of course the excitement of the hunt took away the interest for my entertainment, and my house at Dunkirk was small. North Washington gave me a very good hearing, and I was well cared for at the Waters house. Harris Chaple also turned out well, and I was entertained in the home of Brother Wykes. He took me to my next appointment, which was at Williamstown, stopping at Mrs. Woows' boarding house. This place gave be a better income then at any of the other three places last men-

tioned. Arlington was my next date, in the M. P. church, Rev. David Calkins, pastor. I here met Rev. Hartman, M. E. pastor, who assisted me in my plans there. I was comfortably entertained with Al Gay at Arlington, O. Mt. Blanchard was fairly represented and I was well entertained at the pratt hotel. Houcktown received me on a very wet night but gave me a very good crowd. I stopped in the home of Bro. Noe L. Lee. This brother and wife helped me reach the place from Vanlue, and my success at Houcktown was largely due to their interest taken in me and my comfort. Mr. Houck transferred me to the home of W. M. Fogler, near the C. U. church, which was opened for me, and very well represented by the people of that community.

Rev. Homes, pastor at Vanlue U. B. church, received me in his church, uniting my work with his services on Sunday evening, and a collection was taken for my benefit which showed by their liberality that all were pleased, with a standing invitation to come back and the church would receive me and welcome my coming. Rev. I. P. L. Lea, of Cary, also extended me an invitation to come to his church and people. Alvada was my next date, stopping at the Koepfer house. W. P. Dillon, Sir Knight, helped me in my plans at Alvada, O. My entertainment at Alvada was well represented.

Leaving Alvada, my next date was at West Independence, where I met with favor in the U. B. church. S. J. Myers, Jacob Nau and others opened the church for me and the people of that little town and community gave me a good hearing. At Alvada

I was met by Sister Alie Stevenson, who took me to their home, one mile north of West Independence. She is the wife of Rev. E. N. Stevenson, and who had taken the place of my deceased Sister Anna, who had left behind three small children; namely, Dora, Daizy and Charley. I had not met those dear children for about thirteen years, and they were now grown to young woman and manhood. This meeting was a touching scene, and was greatly enjoyed by all of us, and I was loath to leave when the time came.

After returning home and remaining at home for a few days, I arriving at home for a few days I arranged another line of dates in Paulding county. The church at Maumee Valley was my first date. Stopping with George Gorden at Bethel chapel and with George Forder, Sheren church and with W. H. Hinsch, Fountain chapel and with J. F. Banks, Knoxdale and with George Chester. Herbert Bissell rendered me service at Knoxdale. All these points I had been to before, and I have just made mention that they had here received me again with a welcome at each place, that expresses true friendlessness and an interest in my welfare. My friend, D. E. Meek, was ever ready with willing heart and hands in the work of helping me to success, and of course I did not pass by his home unnoticed, but stopped and had a pleasant visit. This time he was again back on his old home farm at Emmet, Ohio.

My next appointment was to meet Clyde at Upper Sandusky, O., where we met and went from there to Forest, Harden county, O., where we was

billed for the evening. Brother Dan Dubbs had opened the way for us at Forest, and at the Shiloh church, previous to our coming. We did not have a large crowd at Forest, it being on a Saturday night, but at Shiloh, on Sunday night, the house was crowded. Brother Dubbs met us at Forest and after the the entertainment took us out to his pleasant country home. This was planned to give Clyde a day or two off from his hard study in school, and we could not have chosen a better place than this for a good time, and no end to the good things to eat, and how the pancakes and eggs disappeared from those who could see. While there several of the neighbors and friends came in and we were pleased to form their acquaintance. We was loath to leave, but circumstances demanded it, and on Monday we took our departure. We went to Columbus, where Clyde went into school, feeling much revived over the pleasant trip out, and better fitted for his school work.

After remaining in the city of Columbus for a few days, stopping with J. A. Spindler and others, I went to the little town of Lockbourn, where I was handicapped for three days. I was shut in, surrounded by water, which overflowed the country, therefore could not do any business in that section. I was cared for and in comfortable quarters with J. H. and Mary Oty's hotel.

I met here M. D. Brantner, T. J. Rathmal and others who spoke favorable of my effort and would assist it there when circumstances were more favorable. The water must have damaged that section of the country very much. When I could get away after

the water went down some, I went to Canal Winchester, where I met with favor. At this place I put up at C. Painters' hotel, and received the best attention by the house. Rev. Stawf, Reformed pastor, opened his church for me, and was well attended. Rev. Preast, M. E., and Rev. Hitt, U. B., pastors, also were friends to me and my work. Brother George Loucks put his shoulder to the wheel and it moved for my benefit. Assisted by Mr. C. Painter I was dated at Waterloo and Jefferson school houses, near by, and a respectable crowd was present at both places. At Winchester, on May 17, 1905, I attended the golden anniversary of Noe and Rebecca Glick. This service was held in the town hall. Music and songs was furnished by the writer for this occasion. There was a large number of the relationship present. The family of ten children were present. The names as was given to me, Isaac, Mary, Clophes, Joseph, Annis, Sophia, Samuel, Harly, Thadous, (Otta, Henry, Haffley. A son-in-law of this family was my escort and guide for the day. A fine dinner was served and was enjoyed by all. The graceful old couple with smiling faces, stood the ordeal of this eventful day, with great fortitude. And the day will long be remembered by all who was present. Through the assistance of Rev. J. I. Tyler, Brothers Denton and Dunkled, a date was set for me at Grove Port, O., but was not very well represented. Rev. Miller, of Carrol, announced a date for me in his church and it was fairly well attended. I was cared for in the home of Brother A. M. Glick, who is a cousin of Isaac Glick of Henry county, O.

J. Thorn's hotel at Lancaster, O., also cared for me where there, it being a point where I changed roads, and the accommodations were the compliments of the house. Sugar Grove gave me a small hearing. Here I met Rev. Huse, M. E. pastor. I was well cared for at the Ingle house.

Rockbridge was my next date and was in the Carpenter hall, reports is no good. I was entertained in the home of Mr. Huls.

Hadenville was headquarters for a few days, stopping at the King hotel. I met here Rev. W. A. Whitmer, M. E. pastor, who was indeed a friend, and assisted me by taking me with him over his work on Sunday. Using me with songs and music in his services three times on Sunday and at each place a collection was taken which was due to Brother Whitmer's interest in me. We went to Carbon Hill, and there I formed the acquaintance of a number of good people, among whom was Edward Smith, and his father, James Smith, and Robert Coffee; and at Haydenville, Sir Knights Nathan Cox, Sherman McDowel, and also L. H. Woolf, Robert Woolf, John Alen, Jessie Ruble and a number of others who caused me to feel right at home with these people. Brother Whitmer is one among those true Christians workers and my prayers is that his labors will be crowned with success through life.

The town of Amanda was my next date in the M. E. church, Rev. Smith, pastor. I had a very good house at Amanda under the management of Rev. Smith. I was well cared for by Elmer Doring and Wife. I met here Thomas Dum and daughter, Nellie, father and sister of Miss Emma Dum,

a pupil of O. S. S. B., at Columbus. Ed Kefenbaugh was my guide out of Amanda. At Stoutsville, it was advised by the churches to use the hall, as the churches of the place was not very well united, and i twould be to my personal interest to take the hall, which I did, and through the neglect of those who had the management of it for me there, it was a total failure. I was entertained at I. S. Shaefer's hotel. I attended a Sunday school convention at Laurelville, O., in May, and afterward used the hall, having a respectable hearing. I stopped at E. Floyd's hotel. Brother M. W. Alstadt was my right-hand man at Laurelville. I here met Sir Knight Charles Wright, of Logan, O.

At Tarlton I was to have a date in the M. E. church, but my announcement was forgotten by Rev. George Cramer, whose time was so taken up at the time that my date with him was overlooked. I stopped with Jacob Shaefer, and from the hotel veranda, sung and played to a number of the people of the town, making a good sale of my books and pictures.

I also met at Laurelville, O., Albert V. Faulstrich of Phillipsburg, N. J., who was out on a romantic love making trip, and had came all the way from New Jersey to meet the girl who had encouraged him by her fascinating letters, and to only meet with a disappointment due to her trickery, and the game she had played on him. We road together from Laurelville to Breman, and he related the whole circumstances to me which seemed amusing to me, but no doubt serious to him. At Breman we separated and I went to Brice, meeting my old friends, who gave me a date again

in the K. O. T. M. tent. Clyde came out from the city and assisted me at Brice, and we was well entertained at the Paterson House, which gave us the best of accommodations, and the people of Brice and community have our kind regards. Stopping in the city for a day and night, I attended the concert at the O. S. S. B., on June 5, 1905. The concert was just fine, giving great cerdit to the operators, who are the pupils of that school. From Columbus, I went to Marion, and with the help of Mr. Miller as a guide, I arranged at the following places. At Owens the church was opened to me, and as it was thought at first that there could not be order given to the services, but gaining the confidence of the young people present perfect order was given, and they showed by their liberal collection that they were interested. Returing to Marion and to the home of John Trott, Waldo was next in the Reformed church. Rev. H. G. Kopenhaver, pastor, and a fine christian gentleman, in whom I placed the management of my date, and it was well represented, not however, as well as this brother had hoped for. I was well cared for in the home of Mrs. Coleman.

Returning home for a few days, Clyde also returning from his school we went together through Fulton, and Williams and Paulding counties. Pettisville at the home of Argus Walkers, was headquarters fo ra few days. At Pettisville, a Mr. Steler, the station agent, who it seems had the important office of trustee of the church and to show his authority, interfered with the date made in the church through Sister Omeally and Mr. Mister, who had given me the permit to use the

church. He (Steler) afterward rented the church to a stranger to use as he wished for one night, for one dollar. God pity such judgment as this, and urge the place of trustee of the church to be filled by men who have God in their heart, and fit subjects to transact business for Christ's church. As I have said, and here repeat it, I can do business with a christian and a gentleman. We used the Central school house, and was well received by the people of that community. Also at the Tubbs school house we had a full house.

Leaving Pettisville, we went to Almira, O., and to the home of my friend, J. W. Roseborough, and oh, how different was the heart of this kind old brother, and through his influence a crowded church was for us no Sunday night, July 16th, 1905, and the people expressed their satisfaction. We felt at home with this noble old couple, J. W. R. and wife, who welcomed our presence with them, and the kind old brother took us to the Franklin church and back.

We stopped in Ney at the Trago House. A good house awaited us at Williams Center, through the management of Rev. D. N. Kelly, pastor. We was entertained by Mrs. W. M. Feters. Could not have asked for better care than we had in this home, and the people of Williams Center respected our work by a liberal contribution. The reverend, taking us to Farners Center, where we stopped at the Allen Hotel, Brother Spangler had arranged with the people for our coming, and it was a success through his efforts. He also transferred us back to Ney, where we took the train for Cecil, O.

Dates had been arranged at Powers school house, and Emmes, and Knoxdale, by our friend, D. E. Meek, who had planned to have us with him to break bread for a few days and I guess we did! John Wagner's, of Knoxdale, was our home while in that section. Those places all gave us a good turnout, as they always do. Antwerp, O., was our next date, and it was the first time we had given an entertainment there, and under the management of their pastor, Rev. L. E. Willson, the occasion was a success. We were entertained at the Champion House, with up-to-date accommodations. We surely were well received by all at Antwerp. Going on through Defiance southward, we stopped in the home of David Grant, near the Sharon church, where our next date was made. We were well received by the church and people of this community, and by their pastor, Rev. J. C. Sinclare. We then visited the home of Peter King and family, formerly of Henry county, and this was greatly enjoyed by all, for they were old time friends. At Hartsburg church, we were met by a good crowd. The church people had an ice cream supper on the same evening. They occupied the school house and gave us the church. We united our interest with theirs and only kept open one place at a time, and it was a success both to them and to us. We here met Rev. Weaver, their pastor, who lived at Continental, O. Bro. Weaver favored our work and his church there gave us a welcome reception. We visited Peter Noirot and family, another old time friend, who has been mentioned here before. Dupont was next, but on account of rain and storm few

could get to the church. We were cared for by Mrs. Eva White. J. A. Myers rendered us valuable service at Dupont. Continental U. B. church was opened for us. J. Budd assisted us in the arrangements. However, we did not have a very large crowd out to hear us at Continental. Was well entertained by Mrs. Mary Jenkins. We were met here by Bro. Norm Guy, who took us to his home near Wosterman, where we had much larger a crowd than we had at Continental.

Bros. Guy and Myers took us to the home of D. Dewers, near North Creek, where our next date was fixed, and where we were well received by the people of Wosterman and North Creek. Malcom, a son of Mr. D. Dewers, who is blind, and who had been a pupil of the same school with Clyde, my son, and had chummed together in those days at school, had now the pleasure of enjoying a good visit together. Malcom had graduated a few years ago, with honor, and was now enjoying a season at home with his parents, brother and sisters. We were indeed loth to leave this comfortable home and those kind people.

Now when we came to Pleasant Bend, where our next date had been previously arranged, supposing it was all satisfactory, we found a conspiracy, an underlying scheme to prevent the church from being opened to us. Peter Grimm, a well-to-do farmer and a member of the board, ordered the janitor not to open the church only on certain conditions, which he knew I would not meet, it being impossible for me to do so. My suspicions were still more aroused on meeting face to face their pastor, David Brandeberry, the same who had dis-

turbed me at Gilboa some years ago. He was making calls and by accident called on me, or rather where I was stopping, for I don't think he had any intentions of calling on me, but I understood the nature of his calls, of course I did not! Neither would I have used the church after treating me thus. But it was now up to the time when our entertainment should have commenced, and many inquiries were flying over the phone. Some who had already been informed and knew the disturbance. I was trusting in these words: For all things work together for good, to them that love God. And the way opened to us in the friendship of Edd Eger, who opened his hall free for the evening, and we were surrounded by many true friends and victory was again ours. Among those who proved their friendship toward us was W. G. Hand, who received us in his home with willing heart and hands, assisted us as guide; Bro. Geo. Curtland was another who stood by us for the right and rendered us valuable service. I believe that I have many true friends in and around Pleasant Bend, O. I have sketched the above disturbance to give the reader a true average of christian workers, and what I have to contend with at times. Then following this disturbance, on the next night, we were with the people in the Reformed church at Newbavaria, Rev. Albion Beer, pastor. Was he present on that occasion? I answer, Yes. And through his management, brought in with him two hundred others, and after witnessing the services, personally invited us back again, and he would do the same thing over with pleasure. This man is loved by his congregation and a pow-

er for good. We were well cared for in the home of Albert Neafie.

From Newbavaria we went to Malinta, a point we had been a number of times, before, and was always welcomed, and at this time was met by a good crowd. We were cared for in the home of Mrs. James Teters, of Malinta, O. On our way home we stopped off in Napoleon, O., and took dinner with F. W. Lindau, a noted musician of that place, and a sympathizing friend. We then returned home, only however, for a few days, when we were out and away again.

Aug. 27 we attended our family reunion, which convened at the home of L. J. Weavers, one and one-half miles east of McClure, O. It was well represented by the family relationship, and was greatly enjoyed by all. Sept. 29, Clyde returned to his school in Columbus, O. I went with him, stopping a few days in the city with friends, then going to Mt. Vernon, O., there visiting friends, and son, E. V. Hagans, whose home is still with his aunt, Sadie Kemmer, who had taken the place of a mother to him since he was 11 days old. While at Mt. Vernon I arranged dates between that place and Mansfield, O. I first went to Butler, where I met and counselled with Rev. C. F. Mott, pastor of the M. E. church. I was pleased to find in him a true christian friend, ready and willing to do all he could to help me to success; also giving me some very valuable references to other points on my planned route. After fixing my date at Butler, and other places for a week, I then met the people at North Liberty on Sunday evening October 8th, 1905, and a full house was present. A. M. Dunmire, B. L.

Griffith, and Miss Clara Mishey, all rendered assistance at this place to make it a success and it surely was. I was entertained at the home of Ella Layman. On the following evening, October 9th, was my date at Butler, under the management of Bro. Mott. A well represented house was present and with him by my side I was assured that I had at least one friend in that congregation. But the expression came in like manner from all present Mrs. S. M. Oberlin and other prominent members of the class being present. I also met here a brother, Sir Knight Frank Heuser, of Seymore, Ind., who made me a liberal cash donation. I was well cared for by Allen Butler, and family, who keeps the Butler hotel. I must again say that my success at those two points were largely due to the interest taken in me by Rev. C. F. Mott. P. S. Hoover, of Lexington, O., was where I was entertained while at that place. I also used his hall that evening for my entertainment, through the advice of Rev. McQueen, pastor of the P. P. Church at Lexington. My crowd here was not large, it being due to the rain fall on that evening. The town of Bellville was my next date, stopping at the Shaffer House, and using the Lutheran church, Rev. Herschizer, pastor, in whom I found a friend. Bellville is what is called a wet town, and I guess it was too wet for me, for there was but few out to the church to hear me, and my income did not meet my expenses at Bellville. Ankeny Town was my next date. Here I was cared for in the home of Bro. Isaac Leedy, in whom I found another true christian friend who caused me to feel at ease with him and his kind wife, to

make all things pleasant for me while with them. Bro. Leedy was pleased with his effort to interest the people of the community to turn out and hear me, for the church was well filled, and all expressed full satisfaction. Fredericktown gave me a good hearing in the M. E. church, Rev. A. C. Corfman, pastor, and a friend, and while he could not be present himself, being called to his duties in conference, his influence was with me. Bro. J. R. Beane was also my friend and rendered me valuable service. I stopped at the Philips Hotel, where I was cared for in Fredericktown. With the help of Bro. Isaac Leedy, I was taken to the home of Bro. B. C. Debolt, near Palmyra, where my next date was fixed. I was well received at Palmyra, which was due to the interest taken by Bros. Leedy and Debolt. Berlin M. E. church was opened to me by A. W. Phillips on Sunday evening, October 15th, and was well represented, and an invitation to come again was expressed by those present. I here visited my nephew and family, W. M. Kemmer, after which I went through Mt. Vernon into Coshocton county. The reader can see by this, that I make regular visits to this part of the country. My old father anxiously looks forward to those periods of time for my coming. While visiting with him and with brothers and sisters, and friends, a date was made for me at what is known as the Dutch Run church. Here I met a large number of friends who always encourage my efforts by their presence every time an opportunity is given them. The choir assisted in several beautiful songs on this occasion, and with the best of feelings for each oth-

ers welfare. We sang the closing song, God be with You, till We meet again.

On the following evening, Monday, October 30th, it being my birthday, a number of friends gathered in the home of my sister, Mrs. Lewis Fry, and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all. The evening pasttime was songs and music, among those who were present was one, Lewis Fry. Little Lewis was the distinction given, as there was Big Lewis and Little Lewis. Little Lewis was a Dutchman, I am quite sure of that, and he and I talked Dutch, you see. But the joke was, that neither one understood the other. Well, the time came that I must take my departure from these dear and kind friends.

After leaving Walhonding, Nov. 1, I went into Crawford county, Ohio. I made my headquarters in the home of an oldtime acquaintance, whom I had not met for over 40 years, George Lederer. We were but boys then, now we are old men. The comforts of their home was shared with me by all the family, and while there I arranged dates for a week in the town where my friend lived, New Washington and others around, which I will make mention of later. My income at New Washington was small, the evening being rainy and stormy, and only a few came to the church. Rev. W. L. Beers, pastor, was a friend to make the effort a success, but he could not control the weather, and the entire week was rough and dull for my work.

The rainy weather hindered me at Tiro U. B. church, and the crowd was very small. I was entertained at the Hotel Run by Charles Roose and wife. Their son, Master Clyde, acting as my

guide while I remained in the place. Rev. W. E. Ambaugh, pastor, at Tiro, I also met. Also Charles McConnell, who was favorable to my work there. Rev. Robert Bragg, B. P. pastor at Auburn Center, and Bro. Frank Ashley, and D. F. Grove arranged a date for me in their church, which was better attended than the last mentioned. Carrothers was my next date, stopping with Peter Regula, where I was well cared for. Here I had a good crowd to hear me in the school house. Rev. C. E. Stockdale, of the M. P. church in Atica, O., announced a date for me in his church at Atica, the attendance there being small. I was well cared for at Mrs. Alice McCool's boarding house. At Bloomville I undertook to arrange a date, and at Republic, but failed. It conflicted with their ministerial conference which convened at Bloomville at the time. So I was out my hotel and livery bill and time in making the effort here. Chatfield was out of the ordinary. I had three dates at Chatfield and could not get a hearing at either of them. It also conflicted with their convention, and stormed on the last evening, which caused a total failure at Chatfield, O. I was entertained at the Kibler Hotel, with a rebate against my failure in the place. I here met Prof. H. G. Drinkwater, of Melmore, O., who assured me that a date at that town would be profitable for me, and that he would assist me there at any time. Leaving this section of the country, I went out through Bucyrus, O., changed at this point to the T. & O. C. R. R., and went to Meringo, O., where I made my headquarters for a few days, going out from there and arranging dates along that railroad westward.

At Meringo, I met Rev. T. L. McConnell, M. E. Past, and after counselling with him it was arranged for me to have two nights at Meringo, the first night was to be a test whether it was worthy of the second. This was putting it up to me for just what I was worth. Well, the test was in my favor, and the second was announced by the brother himself. A very good attendance at both nights, and full satisfaction was expressed. I then went with Rev. McConnell to a convention held at Fulton, the next town west, and at this Sunday School convention, I was again placed before the people in songs and music, which gave me a date on the following evening after the close of the convention, there being a full house present. At the convention I met a number of preachers some of whom knew me, and I felt that I was surrounded by friends. Rev. J. Vuker, of the B. P. church at Fulton gave me an invitation to come on his work, and use his churches, which I may later. I was well cared for at Meringo, by Jessie Hill's Hotel, and at Fulton by V. Mellot, and my success at those two places was due to interest taken in me by Rev. T. L. McConnell, in whom I found a true christian friend. At the town of Martel I stopped with G. W. Sherrock's Hotel and he rendered me valuable assistance in my effort at that place. I met here a traveling man from Wellington, O., O. W. Arndt, who thought I would do well to come to his town. The people of Martel gave me a very good hearing at the church. I took dinner with Dr. J. C. Modrack. The Doctor and his wife are splendid entertainers, and the time passed too quickly, for soon after dinner I took the train for McCutchen-

ville, where I was cared for in the home of Sir Knight C. Bogard, also station agent. I here used the M. E. church, Rev. Holmes, pastor. The turnout was not large, but appreciative, and I believe that I have many friends at McCutchenville. I met and had a talk with Rev. M. T. Ayers, of Sycamore, O. He was favorably impressed with my work and will assist me over his work later. Lemert was my next date. E. Mansfield, W. M. Conrod and Ira Sprow, all rendered me very valuable service at Martel. I was cared for at Hotel Run by Mrs. Zella Jump, and I must say for the people of Lemert, that they gave me the best income of any town west of Fulton on that line. I run back to Edison, where I had a small house, but among the good people I met at Edison was Rev. L. S. Huffman, Mr. Doty, who keeps the Edison Hotel, and J. O. Powers, and son, Zeno. This ended my dates, and I took the train after my entertainment at Edison, and run back to Bucyrus, O., stopping with Mrs. P. H. Browarsky, who was very kind to me, as I had to make my stops there quite often, to change divisions, and her restaurant was my headquarters.

Taking the train early on the morning of November 25th, I left Bucyrus for home by the way of Fostoria and Toledo. I needed rest after such a trip out and remained at home for a while. I then attended a revival meeting for a few days at the C. U. church conducted by the pastor, Rev. F. G. Martiny, assisted by Rev. Harvey Adams. The spirit of the Lord was present with saving power, praise the Lord. I again left home to arrange dates in Wood county, and secured dates at Prairie Depot, Rising Sun and Lucky.

Meeting my son, Clyde, in Toledo, we went out together to the above named places, and were met with a welcome at each town, and notwithstanding it was near the holidays and Christmas time, we had success at all those points, where we had been several times before. We stopped at the Palmerston Hotel at Prairie Depot, Bro. Swan rendering us valuable assistance here. At Rising Sun we were cared for in the home of our friend J. W. Blessing and wife, who welcomed us to their comfortable home. Their son, T. C. Blessing, through his devoted wife, Jessie, presented me with a five dollar bill, as their cash donation. This is the second time that Teddie had done with me. It presents itself in two great and lofty reasons: First, that he was industrious and was able; Second, that he was willing and considered it worthy. Brother and Sister Blessing are fine entertainers, and we loath to leave. When we reached Luckey we found comfortable quarters at the Goodell Hotel. Rev. C. W. Collinge, pastor at Prairie Depot rendered me valuable service there. We met at Pemberville, while waiting for our train, an old friend, Brother Henry Basor. We also formed the acquaintance of F. W. Adams, of Fostoria, O. Palmer Wilson, of Luckey, donated the use of his hall to us, and on the whole we considered we had been greatly favored over the entire trip. This brings our work to a close for the year 1905, and the end of my fourth edition. There was once a great orator who used these words, which may be applied to every individual, and wish they would be committed and well studied; these are the words:

That man is blessed, who does his

best, and leaves the rest. Don't worry. This is truly a book of references, which but few persons who read it, cannot find some one or more here mentioned whom they know.

U. HAGANS.

My Saviour First of All.

When my life work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide.

When the bright and glorious morning I shall see.

I shall know my redeemer, when I reach the other side

And His smile will be the first to welcome me.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him,
And redeemed by His side I shall stand.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
By the prints of the nails in His hand.

Oh the soul thrilling rapture, when I view His blessed face,
And the luster of His kindly beam-
ing eye.

How my full heart will praise Him, for the mercy love and grace,
That prepare for me a mansion in the sky.

Chorus:

Oh the dear ones in glory, how they becken me to come.

And our parting at the river I recall.
To the sweet Vales of Eden, they will sing my welcome home,

But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

Chorus:

Through the gates to the city, in a robe of spotless white,

He will lead me where no tears will ever fall.

In the glad songs of ages, I shall mingle with delight,

But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

Chorus:

I Know My Heavenly Father Knows.

I know my heavenly Father knows the storms that would my way oppose,

But He can drive the clouds away,
And turn my darkness into day, and turn my darkness into day.

CHORUS.

He knows, He knows the storms that would my way oppose.

He knows, He knows, and tempers every wind that blows.

I know my heavenly Father knows the balm I need to south my woes,

And with His touch of love divine,
Can heal this wounded soul of mine,
Can heal this wounded soul of mine.

Chorus:

I know my heavenly Father knows, how frail I am to meet my foes,

But He my cause will ere defend,
And guide me safely to the end, and guide me safely to the end.

Chorus:

I know my heavenly Father knows the hour my journey here will close,

And may that hour of faithful guide,
Find me safe sheltered by Thy side,
Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

Chorus:

When I Was a Boy.

When I was a boy, oh, those happy days so dear;

I see them all as if 'twere yesterday;

I see the old red school house, and hear the old cracked bell,

As it rings a solemn death knell to our play.

How many times I've wandered, with home-made hook and line,

To the softly running brook and shady dell?

How many days I've wasted in childhood's happy hours.

How I wish that I could live them o'er again.

CHORUS.

Wasted days in childhood, wasted
hours at play;
Golden opportunities carelessly thrown
away.

Could I but recall them again, those
days of joy;

But I know I should do just as I did
when I was a boy.

Chorus:

When I was a boy, in that long, long
ago,

Before I knew a breaking heart or
sigh;

When life was full of spring time, and
all my playmates true,

And before I knew that love could
ever die.

But years long since have fled, sor-
row's cup I've drained to drags;

My life is now bereft of all its joy,
But once again in memory, I live those
days again;

Yes, those happy days I spent when
but a boy.

Chorus:

Twain Ballots.

Along in November when chill was the
weather;

Two ballots were cast in a box both to-
gether.

They nestled up close like brother to
brother;

You couldn't tell one of the votes from
the other.

CHORUS.

They were both rum votes, and sanc-
tioned the license plan,

But one was cast by a cunning old
brewer,

The other by a Sunday school man.

The Sunday School man, no man could
be truer,

Kept busy all summer denouncing the
brewer;

But his fever cooled off with the change
of the weather,

And late in the Autumn they voted to-
gether.

The Sunday School man had always
been noted,

For fighting saloons, except when he
voted;

He piled up his prayers with a holy
perfection.

Then knocked them all down on the
day of election.

The cunning old brewer was cheerful
and mellow,

Said he, I admire that Sunday School
fellow,

He is true to his church, to his party
he's truer,

He talks for the Lord, but he votes for
the brewer.

Your Girl may be Beautiful.

I heard two young men talking once, of
their respected girls,

And one of them described his as his
little Queen of Pearls;

He spoke about her beauty, and he then
described her dress,

When he was done, the other one just
simply answered, yes—

CHORUS.

Your girl may be beautiful, your girl
may be fair,

She may have eyes that shine like stars
and a wealth of golden hair,

She may be this, she may be that, and
you may love her true,

But you're simply wasting your money
and time if she don't love you.

Chorus:

The young man felt quite downcast,
and he bade his friend good
night,

For something seemed to tell him, that
his dear old chum was right,

His mother seemed to notice he was
silent, still and sad,

She asked him why, he told her, she
said, it's right my lad.

And so it is you'll always find where-
ever you may roam,

That beauty's simply nowhere, if there
is no love at home;

Its nice to think your sweetheart is
the fairest of the fair,

But a faithful heart, a woman true, are
gems beyond compare.

Chorus:

She Stuck up Her Nose at Me.

I'll sing of a maiden young and fair,
with beautiful eyes and bonny
brown hair,
She's dearer to me than other girls are,
the light of my life, my own
guiding star;
Yet oft with her ways I am sorely per-
plexed, she has a queer habit,
with which I am vexed.
The truth I will tell, the secret dis-
close, I don't like the way she
turns up her nose.

CHORUS.

She stuck up her nose at me,
She stuck up her nose at me,
I never could guess, if she meant no
or yes
When she stuck up her nose at me.
She always seemed pleased with gifts
that I gave, and rather enjoyed
my being her slave,
I bought her ice cream and candy ga-
lore,
A look in her eyes seemed to call for
more;
At last in despair, when the summer
had fled, I asked this dear charm-
er, if we should not wed.
I saw in her face a look of surprise,
And the end of her nose went up to-
ward the skies.
I studied to please, and tried many
ways,
We went to the balls, we saw all the
plays.
The truth of her love I could never find
out,
She led me to hope, then left me in
doubt.
I went down on my knees with tears in
my eyes,
And begged her no longer my suit to
despise.
She made no reply, but in coolest re-
pose,
She folded her arms and stuck up her
nose.

Fond hopes had all fled, my life was a
wreck.
One end of a rope I put round my neck.
I went to her house, I told her my life;
She could only save by being my wife.
In anguish and tears, she rushed to my
side;

The rope round my neck she quickly
untied.
When seeing her grief, I gathered new
hope,
Till she said what a shame to spoil
that new rope.

Chorus:

The Man Behind the Plow.

I'm not so much for singing, as ye high
flautin' chaps.
My voice at may be husky and a little
loud perhaps,
For I have been a plowing with a lazy
team you see,
And they keep me pretty busy with my
get up wo haw ge.
But if you'll pay attention, I've just a
word to say,
About a great mistake you make, you
do it every day;
And if you pay attention, I want to tell
you now,
Too often you forget the man that
walks behind the plow.

CHORUS.

Then talk about your learned men,
your wit and wisdom rare;
Your painters and your poets, they get
praises everywhere.
They are well enough to make a show,
but can you tell me how
This world would ever do without the
man behind the plow.
It's very nice to go to school, to learn
to read and write.
It's nicer, still, to dress up fine, and
sport around at night.
Your music, painting, poetry may all
be hard to beat,
But tell me what you're going to do,
for something good to eat.
You say my boots are muddy, and my
clothing are too coarse;
I'd make a good companion for the
oxen or the horse.
My face is red, my hands are hard, it's
true, I will allow;
Don't be too quick to spurn the man
that walks behind the plow.

Chorus:

I like your great inventions, and I'm
glad your getting smart;
I like to hear your music, for it kinder
starts my heart.

'Twill never reach the stomach of the
 real hungry man;
 But I have called attention to the very
 thing that can.
 Then boys don't be too anxious for to
 leave the good old farm.
 Your father's strength is failing fast,
 he'll need your youthful arm.
 Be honest in your purpose, at your feet
 the world must bow,
 For the greatest of the greatest is the
 man behind the plow.

Chorus:

The author of this song is Walter S.
 Whetstone.

My Childhood Happy Days.

Today, as I was strolling through a dis-
 tant part of town,
 I came upon a cottage, it's fence had
 fallen down.
 The windows, too, were broken, and a
 sighn was up—For Rent—
 It touched my heart, for there it was,
 my childhood days were spent.
 'Twas on that dear old broken gate, I
 many times had swung,
 And ofttimes from that dooryard gladen
 my childish laughter rung.
 How often had my mother's voice
 called from that kitchen door.
 What would I give if I could live my
 childhood days once more.

CHORUS.

Bright happy days of sweet long ago,
 Fond recollections they weave around
 me so.
 Voices of old, I'll find them I know,
 Up where my mother went so long ago.
 Then strangely moved I entered at the
 door that long before
 A thoughtless school boy I had slam-
 med a thousand times or more;
 And passing through the narrow hall,
 the years roll back again,
 Until I seem back coming home, a
 barefoot boy of ten.
 I hear my sister's voice again as with
 her doll at play,
 The hall she fills with merry thrills the
 happy live long day.
 A loving mother kissed her boy and
 lavished words of praise;

What would I give, if I could live, my
 boyhood happy days.
 Chorus:

While moving o'er the creaking floor,
 that shook beneath my tread,
 What tender recollections comes of
 years that's passed and fled.
 And passing through the little room be-
 yond the kitchen stairs,
 I bow my head, for there it was, we al-
 ways knelt in prayer.
 I hear my father's voice again, read
 from that book of yore,
 Those wonderous words of truth he
 loved far better than bright gold.
 While father, mother, sisters all joined
 in the songs of praise.
 Oh heaven surely must be made of
 childhood's vanished days.

Chorus:

Saved By Grace.

Some day the silver cord will break,
 and I no more as now shall sing;
 But, oh, the joy when I shall wake,
 within the palace of the king.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, and
 tell the story saved by grace.
 And I shall see Him face to face, and
 tell the story saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall, I
 cannot tell how soon 'twill be;
 But this I know my all in all,
 has now a place in heaven for me.

Chorus:

Some day when fades the golden sun,
 beneath the rosy tinted west,
 My blessed Lord wil say well done, and
 I shall enter into rest.

Chorus:

Some day till then, I'll watch and wait;
 my lamp all trimmed and burn-
 ing bright;
 That when my Saviour opens the gate,
 my soul to him may take its
 flight.

Chorus:

This song is found on page 166, in
 Gems of Songs.

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